

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII, NO. 5359

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

**GOOD! ALL WAYS!**

GOOD TOBACCO

**LILLIAN RUSSELL**

5% CIGAR

GOOD WORKMANSHIP

GOOD SMOKE

*A Good Cigar*

**HAND MADE. Not Made in a Mould.**

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**THIS TELLS THE STORY:—**

5c. Coffee 29c.

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**Our Best Blend 20c**

**A CLIMAX TO COMPETITION.**

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**Henry Peyser & Son**

**Offer for the Spring Season a**

**Complete Stock of all the**

**New and Stylish Fabrics in**

**MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHES.**

Parents are especially invited to visit the enlarged and refitted Children's Dept.

**LAWN GRASS**

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**SPECIAL MIXTURE.**

**A. P. WENDELL & CO.,**

**2 MARKET SQUARE.**

*W. H. L.*

This signature is on every box of the genuine

**Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**

the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

## TO WATER'S EDGE.

Packet City Of Pittsburgh  
Reported Burned.

Between 50 And 60 Of People  
On Board Missing.

She Left Cincinnati Wednesday Night,  
Carrying 31 Passengers.

Cairo, Ill., April 20.—One of the worst disasters in the history of Ohio river navigation occurred shortly after four o'clock this morning near Ogden's Landing. While almost all on board were asleep the steamer City of Pittsburgh was discovered to be on fire, and was burned to the water's edge. The loss of \$80,000 on the steamer does not include the cargo, both being a total loss. It is estimated that there were one hundred and fifty persons aboard and that not more than one-half of them were saved, many of the latter being badly burned or injured. As the register of the steamer was burned no list can be given either of the victims or of the survivors and in the confusion it has been impossible to get a complete list. Capt. Phillips admits that the dead list will reach sixty.

### TURKS VS. BRIGANDS.

Salonica, European Turkey, April 20.—Another fight took place on April 10 between Turkish troops and eighteen Bulgarian brigands, near Kildir, in which eight Bulgarians were killed. The others made their escape. Three of the dead men wore the uniform of the Bulgarian army.

### FIRE IN MARLBORO.

Marlboro, Mass., April 20.—A damage of \$10,000, caused largely by water, is the result of a fire in the Davey block on Florence street, this evening. The principal losers are the Marlboro Awl and Needle company, \$5,000; Marlboro Last company, \$3,000; and on the building, \$2,000.

### BURNED TO DEATH.

London, April 20.—A fire broke out at midnight last night in the Hackney three-story ware-house, the top floor of which was used for living rooms, and when the flames were under control, the charred bodies of one man, two women and four children were found.

### BOY DROWNED.

Manchester, April 20.—Charles H. Barnes, ten years old, son of Hugh and Margaret Barnes, was drowned today while playing on the rocks at the city ledge. The body was recovered in six feet of water.

### BREWERY DAMAGED.

Cincinnati, April 20.—The large brewery of the Christian Moorlorn company was damaged more than \$100,000 by a fire today supposed to be due to spontaneous combustion.

### ATTACKED BY BANDITS.

Pekin, April 20.—A post on the outskirts of New Chwang garrisoned by forty Russian troops was attacked by bandits and one Russian officer and four privates were killed.

### WILHELMINA'S CONDITION.

The Hague, April 20.—The condition of Queen Wilhelmina is practically unchanged. She does not lose consciousness and takes a little more nourishment.

### BASEBALL.

National League.

St. Louis 2, Pittsburgh 0; at St. Louis, Cincinnati 2, Chicago 1; at Cincinnati.

### FRANK STOCKTON DEAD.

Washington, April 20.—Frank R. Stockton, the well-known novelist, died suddenly here this morning from hemorrhage of the brain.

### BACK IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 20.—President Roosevelt returned to this city at half past seven o'clock this morning from New York.

The crews of the Jaffrey's Point and Wallis Sand's Life Saving stations have received orders to keep a strict watch for the body of John Tohey, who was drowned in the lower harbor not long ago.

## SECRETARY LONG'S VIEWS.

Says It Would Be Unwise to Adopt a Fixed Programme For Increase of the Navy.

Washington, April 19.—In a statement made today before the house committee on naval affairs, Secretary Long advocated a departure from the custom in vogue in almost all civilized countries for a regular programme for the increase of the navy. The secretary argued that it would be unwise for the United States to adopt a fixed programme, maintaining that the changes in naval war machines were constantly going on and that what today might be considered the most practical form of a warship might tomorrow be obsolete. On this account he thought it better that the United States should gradually increase its fighting force with no fixed end in view, but making such additions from time to time as might seem wise. He advocated the authorization in the present bill of three battleships and two armored cruisers and several gunboats. The committee is disposed to give only two battleships with the cruisers and gunboats.

Secretary Long was strongly opposed to the construction of battleships in government navy yards, saying that the least advance over the cost of construction of ships in private yards would be 25 per cent., which in the case of the large battleships would amount to almost one million dollars. He said that the increase of work in the government yards would lead to a condition of political jobbery which would be almost unbearable. The secretary opposed the construction of any more Holland boats until those authorized two years ago had been tested and accepted.

## TWO FATALLY INJURED.

And The Chief Prostrated By Several Fires in Dallas, Tex., On Sunday.

Dallas, Tex., April 20.—Two fatally injured, Fire Chief Magee prostrated and a property loss of fully \$350,000 are the results of several fires which occurred here this morning. The first fire was in the Dorey printing establishment, which was totally destroyed, with an estimated loss of \$200,000. While this was in progress, another alarm was received from Lamar street, close to the immense agricultural district. A high wind saved the implement establishment and adjoining property. One-half the structures burned were ordinary business houses and the rest dwellings. The total loss will aggregate \$150,000. The other fire destroyed four cottage houses, causing a loss of \$20,000.

## MORE ENLISTED MEN FOR THE NAVY.

In compliance with a request from the House Committee on Naval Affairs, the Secretary of the Navy has transmitted to that body a memorandum prepared by Rear Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, Chief Bureau of Navigation, U. S. N., showing the number of receiving ships and the number of training ships now in the service, together with the number of men that can be comfortably taken care of on each. The receiving ships are six in number, being the Franklin, Washah the Richmond, the Columbia, the Independence and the Nipsic. Their crews altogether number 603 men, and they can accommodate a total of 1,590 recruits. The training ships now in use for landmen are eight in number, being the Buffalo, the Prairie, the Dixie, the Alliance, the Lancaster, the Toledo, the Mohican and the Indiana. They can accommodate 2,580 men. All these training ships now have their full quota on board, but the Indiana will be withdrawn from the training service about May 1 for the annual cruise of the naval cadets, and the Lancaster not being in condition to cruise in other than home waters, will also be withdrawn in a short time from the list of cruising training ships. The only suitable ships, not now in use that could be made available for the training service are the Yankee, the Panther, the Texas, the Adams and the Reina Mercedes. The Panther, Adams and the Reina Mercedes are to be fitted for training service as soon as funds are available, but the Reina Mercedes cannot be made ready in less than a year, owing to her need of expensive repairs. Moreover, there are at present no men or petty officers available to commission any of these ships.

## MURDER ON THE "LANCASTER."

The navy department has been informed that a murder was committed last week on the Lancaster in Charleston harbor. Agnus Williams, a water tender, was killed by James Paine, a blacksmith. Few details have been received. The court martial headed by Rear Admiral Cooper, which has been trying Surgeon E. H. Marsteller, of the navy at Port Royal, will be held there until additional details of the Paine case have been received, and the law officers of the navy department can prepare charges and specifications.

## LEASED A NEW FIELD.

The Portsmouth Gun Club have leased the Schurman meadows on the Trotting park road and will move their building from Maplewood park to the new field this week. The new field is directly across the road from the country club grounds and is a grand place for the purposes of the gun club.

## AT THE NAVY YARD.

Joseph Harlow of the general store was a visitor in Boston on Patriots' day.

Charles H. Foote has been called to work as a helper in the steam engineering copper shop.

About twenty engines have been set up for the finishing work on them in the steam engineering.

John H. Mates, steam engineering machinist, has been drawn on the jury from ward five.

Some of the mechanics from Dover who work at the yard are thinking of moving to this city.

The sailors on the tow boats have finished a good clearing up job on the wharf near the dock of the tugs.

Plans and specifications of the new general store building have been sent out to the different contractors for bids on the same.

A small schooner and a sloop arrived on Saturday with more granite for the new dock. The cargo of the sloop is finished stock.

Commander W. H. Everett, U. S. N., stationed at the Boston yard, paid a visit to this yard on Saturday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Everett.

Charles Hammond, draughtsman in the department of yards and docks, has been transferred and is to go to Florida in the engineer corps of the army.

Workmen are engaged in moving the hard wood timber that was left piled up on the site of the old No. 4 shiphouse when that building was removed.

Hugh Kelley, machinist in the construction and repair shop, is on a few days' leave and attended the ball of the Machinists' union in Boston on Friday night.

The new hours of work that commence today will probably be the same the year round. The men will start and finish their work today for the first time by the signals of the fire alarm.

Charles Furgerson of Boston, Mass., reported for duty in the construction office on Saturday as messenger. He is a civil service man and relieves Harry Tutus, who for the past year has done efficient work in that office.

The rumor that the workmen's train will be taken off its rails to the officials and also the men who go this way. The train has more than held its own since it was put on, having one day last week one hundred and ninety passengers.

The large gardens in the rear of the officers' residences are all cleaned up and some of them planted. The soil of these lots is excellent and some of the finest of vegetables are raised. The gardens are about the handsomest that can be seen in this vicinity, especially the one of Lieutenant Commodore Ransom.

## MOROCCO BOUND.

Manager Hartford is very fortunate in securing the splendid English musical comedy success Morocco Bound, for Tuesday evening, April 29. The piece comes here almost direct from its remarkably successful run of three months at the Columbia Theatre, Boston and will be given the same magnificent production that characterized its presentation in the city of culture. The company is one of the largest ever taken on the road and the scenic and electrical effects gorgeous in the extreme. There are sixty people in the organization and the comedians and prima donnas are the brightest products of the musical stage.

Morocco Bound is built on the same lines as San Toy, The Geisha, and similar successes and is now in its third year in London a record seldom equaled in the English metropolis. Its scenes are laid in London and the land of Morocco, affording numerous opportunities for amusing situations, the introduction of unique characters and splendid scenery. The music is decidedly pretty and very catchy, while the costumes are said to be the finest used in operatic comedy. The cast includes Dan Collyer, W. Herman West, Philip Branson, Tompkins Saxe, E. Lovatt Fraser, Peter W. Maguire, Harry Abraham, Bertram Godfrey, Misses Edith Bradford, Florence Holbrook, Tillie Salinger and Inga Belle, an unequalled coterie of artists.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Of all the comedy dramas that have contributed to the stage in recent years there are none that have impressed theatregoers more favorably than The American Girl which will play an engagement at Music hall on Wednesday evening, April 30th. It tells a story in which the heart interest predominates and yet there is no lack of comedy.

The comedy is chiefly furnished in the character of Ross Bolter which is being played by Mr. George F. Hall who has made some unparalleled strides toward the pinnacle of success and is today one of the most promising young comedians upon the American stage.

## THE WORK OF MRS. HORN.

Ten handsome oil portraits of the living ex-mayors of this city which have been hung in the aldermen's chamber in the city building are all the work of Mrs. Nellie Horne, a rising young portrait painter and a pupil of Artist Tenney. The portraits are all framed in handsome gold burnished frames, and make an elegant collection of ex-city officials. The likenesses are all excellent and the artist has received complimentary notices for her work.

## MAKING PREPARATIONS.

Hampton Beach Awakening From Winter's Sleep.

Hampton beach is beginning to awaken from its winter's sleep, and especially on Sundays is becoming a magnet, drawing within its limits hundreds who are anxious to see what has been accomplished during the dull season. Every visitor finds that there has been something doing. The big bridge is the favorite attraction and is almost the first spot to be taken in by the pleasure seekers.

A ride along the beach shows that building operations last winter and this spring were quite extensive, and will add materially to the town's valuation.

Builder Abram Jenness has completed a tasteful seven-room cottage for Albert C. Turner of Exeter. The foundation is in for a dwelling which Joseph L. Nudd is to have built for his own occupancy, facing the old driveway up Hoar's Head. Joseph L. Leavitt has broken ground for a cottage on a site adjoining that of his postoffice building.

Proprietor Jenkins has, during the winter, greatly improved the Bay View by replacing the flat roof with a hipped roof, which has made it possible to finish off six pleasant rooms in the upper story. He has also finished another dining and hunch room on the ground floor.

L. C. Ring has about completed a double cottage of attractive design with railed piazzas at the first and second stories. Nearly opposite is framed a cottage for George Ashworth of Haverhill, Mass.

Beyond the Casino, Edwin Janvrit of Hampton Falls has nearly completed a large, double, two and one-half story cottage, which has been sold to the Granite State Land company. The cottages at either side are to be moved back to be in line with it.

Most important of new buildings is Hill Crest, a large hotel built for William W. Ham of Haverhill, Mass. In height it is three stories, with basement, and with its many gables and projections, the exterior chimney, piazzas and balconies, the exterior is very pleasing. At its rear Mr. Ham has nearly completed a tasteful cottage for his own occupancy.

Just beyond, on the river side, is being finished a cottage for Frank E. Tucker of Haverhill, Mass.

## YORK.

York Village Me., April 20. An audience that taxed the capacity of the town hall was present on Friday evening at the production of "The Boy of the War," by the High School students. The drama was exceedingly well put on with the cast as follows:

Robert Truworth,	Louis Hardy
Wilder Rowell	Charles Perkins
Wesley Jenks	George Lang
Hiram Jenks	Fred Martin
Crimp, colored	Arthur Baker
Gen. Grant	Chester Stover
Leont Col. Boxer	George Lang
Calix Clifford	Florence Martin
Mrs. Truworth	Elsie Keene
Mattie Truworth	May Armstrong

Between the acts solos were rendered by Miss Mary Stewart and readings by Miss Eunice Snow.

Sixty-six dollars was realized from the affair.

Frank D. Marshall of Portland was in York yesterday.

A "Mum" supper will be held at the vestry Tuesday at six o'clock.

The Eliot Dramatic club will repeat their play "Out of His Sphere" at the town hall Wednesday evening for the benefit of the fire company Memorial day.

Rev. J. R. Wilson of the Scotland Congregational church occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational church today in exchange with the pastor.

## HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, April 20.—Schooner Fred A. Emerson, Frankfort, navy yard, stone; schooner Albert Baldwin, Rockport, navy yard, stone; schooner Allan, Columbia Falls, Boston, brick; schooner Joe, Millbridge, Boston, piles; schooner Nettie Cushing, Rockland, New York, lime; tug Piscataqua, Boston.

Sailed, April 19.—Barge Eagle Hill, schooner Sadies A. Kimball.

Sailed, April 21.—Tug Piscataqua with barge Dover.

Arrived, April 21.—Barge Phoenix, Philadelphia, with 1495 tons of coal; schooner Mary Snow, Rockport, with 550 pounds of lime; barge No. 21, Baltimore, with 1548 tons of coal; barge Eagle Hill, Baltimore, with 1503 tons of coal; barge Buck Ridge, Baltimore, with 1500 tons of coal; barge C. R. R. No. 10, Port Johnston, with 2135½ tons of coal, all for J. A. and A. W. Walker.

## RAILROAD NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Kane are visiting relatives in Boston and Melrose, Mass. Edward Fitzgerald, for some years clerk at the depot cafe, has entered the employ of Cotterell and Welch on Penhallow street.

John Kennard, a brakeman in the shifting crew, has left the railroad and gone to work in the electrical department of the Frank Jones electric light plant.

Samuel Furbush, for three years watchman at the Boston and Maine railroad station in this city, has resigned and David B. Tatten has been appointed in his place.

A yard shifter worked on Sunday transferring the stock that has arrived for the work of the new paper mill. Seven carloads were hauled to Freeman's Point and unloaded.

## PAPER MILL GOSSIP.

Another crowd of Italians arrived in town today on train No. 11 from Boston and shouldering their bags and boxes "piked" it over to Freeman's Point.

The senior Fosburgh has practically closed negotiations for a two years lease of the Charles E. Laighton years lease of the Charles E. Laighton house on Miller avenue and will occupy it during his residence here. The younger Fosburgh is still looking for a house.

Superintendent Morgan of the White Mountain Paper company will arrive in town on Tuesday and will make preparations for taking up his residence here.

One of the old houses at Freeman's Point will probably be allowed to remain for awhile at least and will be used as an office by the Messrs. Fosburgh.

The executive staff of engineers are scheduled to arrive on Wednesday and then work will begin in earnest.

The Messrs. Fosburgh think that they will have to erect barracks for the laborers at Freeman's Point as they are having hard work to find quarters for what few Italians are already here.

A visit to Freeman's Point this morning found thirty-five Italians and a few horses busy about the place stowing away the tools that were brought here on the cars.

## AT THE CHURCHES.

There were no services at the Methodist church on Sunday, it being the annual conference Sunday.

Rev. George E. Leighton of the Universalist church preached on "A Great Achievement" Sunday morning.

Miss Annie Furber read a paper on "Little Things" at the Sunday evening meeting of the Universalist Young People's union.

Ralph S. Parker began his year as pastor of the Middle street Baptist choir on Sunday. Miss Sophia Goodwin also sang, as a soprano candidate.

The Sunday school of the Middle street Baptist church has begun to prepare for its annual Children's Sunday observance, on the second Sabbath in June.

Rev. Frank H. Gardner of the Court street Christian church preached on "A Faultless and Fault-Removing Savior," Sunday morning, and on "Life of Christ" in the evening.

There was a very large attendance at the special musical service, "Songs of Nature and Spring," at the Unitarian church on Sunday evening. The program rendered was announced in Saturday's Chronicle.

A special service was held at the Pearl street Baptist church on Sunday evening, when the pastor, Rev. Charles H. Tucker, preached to the workingmen. From the text Timothy V. 18, he evolved many very profitable thoughts. The audience room was crowded to the doors. There was music by the Naval orchestra and a male quartet.

## OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Emeline S. Williams was held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Freeville Baptist church, Rev. Victor Morse officiating. Interment occurred at the church cemetery under the direction of Undertaker Oliver W. Ham of this city.

At the late home on Daniel street this Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock occurred the funeral of Mrs. Eliza B. Laighton Rev. Lucius H. Thayer officiating. Interment occurred at Harmony Grove cemetery. Undertaker O. W. Ham had charge of the funeral arrangements.

The funeral of Susan Maude Meredith was held at the home of her parents on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, Rev. H. E. Hovey officiating. Interment took place at Harmony Grove cemetery. Undertaker H. W. Nickerson had charge of the funeral.

The funeral of Capt. Robert F. White occurred at the home in New Castle on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. E. C. Davis officiating. Interment took place in Riverside cemetery under the direction of H. W. Nickerson of this city.

## KITTERY.

There will be a regular meeting this evening of Riverside lodge, I. O. O. F., at Odd Fellow's hall.

A sensation at Kittery Point is promised within a day or two. It will be one that will cause considerable talk in the locality when it becomes known.

The musical and literary entertainment of Whipple lodge of Good Templars takes place at Wentworth hall next Wednesday evening and it is said that a fine program has been arranged.

Misses Millie and Minnie Damon of Massachusetts arrived on Saturday evening and passed the Sabbath as the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Damon, Government street.

## FLORIDA AND CUBA.

The fast vestibule, electric-lighted train service to the southern resorts, operated by the Plant system and connections, is unexcelled. Literature upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System at No. 290 Broadway, New York.



## A WILD BURRO CHASE

EXCITING HUNT ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT ORIZABA.

A Perilous Ride at Breakneck Speed on Well Trained Mustangs That Understood Their Business—Flight of the Lariat.

We were high on the slopes of Mount Orizaba, in California, creeping around a spur from rock to rock, in the center of a wild and remarkable country as can be imagined. The peak rose above us almost perpendicularly, the slope of rock falling away on every side, lost in the deep canyons that cut into and surrounded the base. One great ridge reached away to the distant ocean, another rose, a precipitous cliff, while still another was a mass of rocks and cañons, impenetrable and impassable except by the wild goats that made it their home. From near the summit a magnificent view was obtained. The entire length of Santa Catalina was at our feet, with its mountains, ridges, its deep canyons—a maze of shadows, while to the south-west, low and forbidding, lay San Clemente and to the north San Nicolas, a spot on the horizon. To the east the sierras on the mainland raised their slopes, ever changing in tint from pink to purple. The higher we crept, lending our well trained mustangs, the stronger came the wind, and with it the faint bleat of the wild goat on some distant crag, or the hoarse cry of the bald-headed eagle that circled high above the summit.

We were not in search of the herds of goats which frequent the slopes of the mountain, but a rarer game—a small herd of wild burros, which had for years roamed the central portion of the island, defying capture. The slope of the mountain was filled with cañons and rock that had rolled down from the summit, and the slightest carelessness would have created a fatal slide for horse and rider. At last we stood on a lofty pinnacle that overlooked the series of ridges extending to the west. Almost two miles away a herd of wild goats was seen moving along over the gray ridges. Immediately below were three deep canyons, and on a small mesa or slope, extending down into a grove of cottonwoods, were three dark objects that in the peculiar atmospheric conditions looked enormous. They were either wild cattle or the wild burros of our search and that they had seen as even at this long distance was evident, for they stood a moment, then turned and disappeared down the slope of Cottonwood canyon.

We jumped into the saddle and skirted the mountain side as rapidly as possible, then coming to an impenetrable slope descended and led the horses, sliding over the talus, until the ridge was reached, then mounted and rode down into the canyon at full speed, finally reaching the divide over which the mysterious game had disappeared. As we approached we moved with the greatest caution, and finally, looking over a ridge, saw before us a long mesa reaching down into a green and deep canyon. The mesa was covered with loose rocks, and in the center rose a great mass of porphyry, grim and forbidding. We rode carefully over the divide, when suddenly, changing our position, we saw not 800 yards away the three strange objects. There was no mistaking them now. They were the wild burros—great brown and black fellows, their enormous ears standing erect, all facing us and well bunched.

We stood perfectly still, wondering if it were possible to get nearer before making the charge, and then, as they turned, we slipped behind the rocks and ran our horses at this barrier. But when we reached it we found that the cunning burros had gone at full speed 400 or 500 yards and were again standing waiting for developments. A little canyon entered the mesa near us, and into this we walked and ran the horses under cover for some distance, then, looking to the cañons, the lariat carrier taking his rope in hand, we put spurs to our horses and dashed up to the divide. Our calculations had been correct. Not 500 feet away stood the burros, exactly as before, but looking directly at the big rock where we had disappeared. The wind was from them, and they had not scented us. The moment we appeared they wheeled like antelopes and dashed away over the rocks, and there followed as wild a race as one would care to indulge in.

The burros ran like deer along the mesa, while the mustangs, mad with excitement, simply flew over the field of rock. It seemed incomprehensible that a burro could distance a mustang, yet these clumsy creatures, at home in the rough country, gradually increased their speed and plunged over the rocks with the greatest ease, now down a steep arroyo, dashing along the rocky bottom, up the other side, pounding the gravel, leaping gullies and finally making for the mountain side. Their maneuvers showed their cunning, for they invariably selected the roughest places, hoping to discourage the horses.

The mustangs followed a breakneck pace, yet never stumbling, until finally we began to gain, and then the horses galloped, and we were upon the flying burros. We had no desire to injure them and several times could have touched them by an extra exertion. The lariat was now circling, and a moment later it went whistling through the air and dropped over the long ears of a burro. The broncho stopped, stiffened back upon his haunches, and the biggest of the trio was suddenly arrested in his flight. He did not surrender, however, and finally broke the lariat and reared away, only to be roped again after a pitiless chase.—O. F. Holder in New York Post.

**Piled It.**  
Dinner—Writer, I find I have just money enough to pay for the dinner, but it leaves nothing in the way of a tip for yourself!

Waiter—Let me add up the bill again, sir.—London Fun.

## Forget He Was Married.

"There was a lawyer of my acquaintance," said a veteran member of the bar, "who was eccentric in more ways than one. He was very absentminded, and many stories are told of this annoying failing. His home was at Romeo, this state, but he had a large practice in the local courts and resided in Detroit most of the time. His wife frequently visited him over Sunday. It was in the flourishing days of the old Michigan Exchange hotel, where he had a small top floor apartment. 'I well remember the occasion of one of these visits. The lawyer, who was a free hearted fellow, had arranged for a special dinner for himself and wife, but when the hour came he failed to appear, having, as it afterward transpired, forgotten all about his wife and came to dine with a friend. Late that night he came to his hotel and went to his old top floor room, while his wondering wife waited for him on another floor. He ate his breakfast early and repaired to his office without having seen her. When she learned that he had been at the hotel and eaten breakfast as though he never had a wife, she packed her valise in high dudgeon and took the next train home. Finally the lawyer recovered from his fit of abstraction, but he was obliged to send his wife a telegraphic apology in order to stay threatened divorce proceedings.'—Detroit Free Press.

## Hunting For Ostich Eggs.

"Once, and once only," says H. R. Tristram, an English traveler in Sahara, "I had the good fortune to take an ostrich's nest, although fresh eggs were not infrequently brought in by the Arabs. We observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the same spot and were induced to ride to them. They rapidly scudded off, but on intersecting their track we turned back and retraced it instead of continuing a vain pursuit. An ostrich's track is by no means easy either to follow or to retrace, for his stride measures, when he is at full speed, from 22 to 23 feet, and the oblong impression of two feet at so wide intervals affords no very evident track to any eyes less expert than those of a Bedouin huntsman.

"We retraced the impression to the spot where we had seen the birds standing together and where the sand was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a depth of about a foot under the warm sand.

"Ostich egg omelet we always found a most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell the eggs kept perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks."

## Why the Oyster Crop Falls.

It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of the oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years and in many cases become absolutely worthless in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish.

For this trouble the defilement of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or it will perish is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and at the same time the incoming tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

## Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, she said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler, but if some man should ask you to marry him—"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.—Harper's Magazine.

## The Harry That Kills.

I hate this shallow Americanism which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by raps on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or skill without study, or mastery without apprenticeship, or the sale of goods by pretending that they sell, or power by making believe that you are powerful, or through a packed jury or caucus, bribery and "repenting" votes, or wealth by fraud. Men think they have got them, but they have got something else—a crime which calls for another crime and another devil behind that. These are steps to suicide, infamy and the burning of mankind. We countenance each other in this life of show, puffing, advertisement and the manufacture of public opinion, and excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and praise. Emerson's "Is any on Success?"

## GUARDING THE BANK

BOLTS AND BARS AND MASSIVE WALLS ARE NOT ENOUGH.

The Best Safeguard For the Treasurer Is the System of Guards Who Watch the Vaults and Watch One Another at the Same Time.

"Modern banks are relying more and more upon men instead of metal for their protection," remarked an official in one of the big financial institutions of New Orleans. "In former days," he continued, "they depended almost altogether upon massive walls, enormous doors and ponderous locks. It is true there was always a so called 'night watchman,' but in nine cases out of ten he was some superannuated employee, half blind and deaf, who was given the job in lieu of a pension and who slept placidly from dark to dawn in the easiest chair he could find.

"It seems incredible, but a little over a quarter of a century ago that was the only kind of guard employed by the majority of the biggest and best banks in the United States. The vault was everything then, and directors went on the theory that the way to keep burglars from getting their money was to surround it by immense masses of cold steel.

"Needless to say," the banker went on, smiling, "they were disillusioned pretty frequently. There is an axiom that whatever one man can make another man can break, and the burglars proved it over and over again. It was always the same story—the dozing old watchman found bound and gagged, the 'buglar proof' door wide open and the safe empty. That gnawed at the mind about an entire change in method and led to the development of the American multiple watchman system, which is undoubtedly the most perfect on earth.

"Briefly explained, it's a system of guards, watching the bank and watching each other, and leaving a continual record of their movements on 'time detectors' that can't be tampered with. Their rounds are so arranged that no man is ever free from surveillance for more than 10 or 15 minutes at a stretch, so if he is held up or killed, or falling asleep or dropped dead or anything else happened to put him out of action, the fact would be known before any serious consequences could ensue.

"The day has gone by when a gang of crooks can crack a watchman over the head and then take their time about forcing the vault.

"The modern system of watching and auxiliary watching has put an end to great bank robberies," added the financier. "The only hauls now made by crooks in that line of business are in country towns and remote rural districts, where old methods still prevail. That isn't because they are any less cunning or desperate than they used to be, but simply because they recognize the folly of attempting to break through the cordon of open human eyes.

"It is an interesting fact, by the way, that Uncle Sam was the pioneer in that system of protection, and the banks which will have taken a leaf out of his book years ago. The treasury vaults at Washington are a good joke as far as fireproof security is concerned. They are built like forts, and the massive masonry of their walls is full of cannon balls, which are supposed to be able to turn a drill, but as a matter of fact, any expert cracksmen could go through them like a mouse tunneling a Stilton cheese.

"Yet no attempt has ever been made on the untold millions of cold cash behind the rickety old doors, and the establishment is really one of the safest in the world, for the simple reason that it is never left unguarded. Files of soldiers, frequently changed, patrol all the corridors and approaches, and it would be physically impossible for robbers to make a descent without getting caught. The Bank of England submerges its vaults under six feet of water every day after business hours, yet I consider it a good deal less secure than our own antiquated 'treasure house.'

"You must not infer from anything I have said that up to date American banks have abandoned bolts and bars. On the contrary, the modern vault is a wonderful piece of mechanism and is as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make it, but the chief reliance is pinned to the living guard, who beats cold steel all to pieces. I admit that the system looks on the surface like a reversal to primitive principles, but really it is only an application of common sense."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Quite Likely.

The fashion of telling the history of a thing, whether or not the occasion requires it, is a very common one with orators and writers who do not know exactly how else to spin their yarns. A certain worthy merchant was once quite unexpectedly called upon to preside at a banquet. He wanted to say something in opening the "postprandial exercises" which would be graceful and sound well, and so he began in the following words:

"Gentlemen—The practice of eating meals, ah! as we have reason to believe, dates back—oh! to the most remote antiquity!"—London Fun.

## Failed In Its Purpose.

Perhaps the strangest attempt ever seen at creating a nation by immigration was that begun by the American Colonization society in 1820. Having secured a territory on the west coast of Africa, these philanthropic people, with the famous Henry Clay at their head, began offering free passages to all freed negro slaves. Some 20,000 of these were carried back to their native continent, and the state of Liberia became an established fact. But, well meant though it was, the experiment proved a failure.—New York Telegram.

## Liost's Personality.

The best impression of Liost's appearance in 1870, writes Dr. William Mison in The Century, is conveyed by a picture which shows him approaching the Altavilla. His back is turned; nevertheless there is a certain something which shows the man as he was better even than those portraits in which his features are clearly reproduced. The picture gives his gait, his figure and his general appearance. There is his tall, lank form, his high but set a little to one side, and his arm a trifle akimbo. He had piercing eyes. His hair was very dark, but not black. He wore it long, just as he did in his older days. It came almost down to his shoulders and was cut off square at the bottom. He had it cut frequently, so as to keep it at about the same length. That was a point about which he was very particular. As I remember his hands, his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock coat, until he became the Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

## He Quailed.

"There is nothing," he said, as he held the beautiful girl in his strong embrace, "that I would not dare for you. There is no danger that I would not willingly face for your dear sake, no deed would be too hazardous for me to undertake with you to urge me on. When I look into your eyes, Genevieve, my heart leaps and becomes the heart of a lion; my whole being is thrilled; I seem to be imbued with the spirit of a knight of old. Ah, darling, I can well understand how the nobles who met in the lists long ago were willing to risk their lives when the colors of those they loved were fastened to their shields. I, too, could be a Lancelot with you, my Genevieve, to urge me on. Oh, if I might but have an opportunity to prove!"

"Hark!" she interrupted. "I hear papa coming in. Why not ask him for me now? You will never have a better chance. I'll go and meet him in the hall and send him in, and you can—"

"No, no!" he hoarsely whispered. "For heaven's sake, don't do that! It's 30 feet from the door to the sidewalk. When I mention the matter to your father, I want to do it somewhere on the ground floor."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Too Green to Burn.

One of a gang of carpenters was called by his mates "Green Jim" on account of his being, or supposed to be, a bit soft.

One day, thinking to play a joke on Jim, one of them filled his basket with shavings, intending to drop a lighted match into it after Jim had slung it on his shoulder ready to go home.

All went well, and as Jim bade his mates good night, on pretext of telling him something one of them slipped a lighted match into the basket.

Stepping back into the building, expecting Jim to turn back in a rage, they waited.

Jim came back, but simply to say, as he put his head through the doorway: "I took the wrong basket, so I came back to change it. Ain't you others going?"

Go they all did then, and one of them found his basket still smoldering. Shouting at Jim for taking the wrong basket, he was met with the reply, as Jim walked off now with his own basket: "London Answers."

## Eve's Origin.

One of many legends that have offset the parsimony of Eve's Biblical history represents her as the end of man's creation in a quite literal fashion—made out of his tail! Strangely enough, the legend anticipated science in its view of the primitive man's terminal facilities. Another legend gives a dozen reasons why Eve was not made from this, that or the other part of Adam, but from the rib only, and then says that she had all the faults and failings which Yahweh had endeavored to avoid.

Clearly the legend of Eve, if not the Genesis narration, is dominated by a spirit of hostility to womankind. She is another with Potphar's wife, and the wicked Jezebel, and the rebellious Vasilis, and the tricky Delilah. She is typical of the women who get men into trouble and who give color to the story that when there was mischief in Persia the king's first question always was, "Who was she?"—Rev. J. W. Chadwick in Harper's Bazar.

## Built on a Wreck.

If ships had ghosts, one office down on Front street would be haunted. Years ago a big ship ran ashore just where this office now stands. The city did not extend as far out into the river as it does now, and Front street did not exist. The wreck remained where it was, and the sand drifted around it. When the city moved out toward the river, no effort was made to remove this wreck. It was buried by the refuse and dirt dumped on it. When the office building was erected, the wreck was so far below the surface that it did not interfere with the foundations, and there it is to this day. The man who owns this building says that it is the only one in this city which is built over the wreck of a ship, and apparently the old boat is strong enough to stand the burden.—New York Sun.

## A LAND OF DANGERS.

THE WILD AND DEADLY COUNTRY ARIZONA WAS IN 1870.

In Those Days Prospectors and Ranchmen Carried Their Lives in Their Hands When They Visited That Lawless Region.

"The Arizona of 1870," said a Spokane man, "was a country in entering which the hardy prospector and equally fearless ranchman literally carried their lives in their hands. Phenix and Tucson were ten years away, and in that vast expanse of sun baked mountain and plains the principal inhabitants were the yellow rattlesnakes, white scorpions, tarantulas, Gila monsters and, deadly as these lathsome reptiles and insects are, more deadly still the dread Apaches, who made the mountain fastnesses of the territory their hiding place and retreat, from which they made swift and murderous raids upon outlying frontiersmen's homes.

"Gerónimo had still 15 years of his blood bespattered and foul career to blot through unchecked, and there were other and worse chiefs than he who helped to make Arizona the living hell it was in those faraway days. Few or no army posts existed there, and he who sought fortune in that wilderness did so with the conviction that 'kill that ye may live' must be the rule of his life. Every murderer and blackleg who found the rest of the frontier too hot to live in was sure of an asylum in that desert, and between the deadly palmar and deadlier human being it was a country into which none but the brave dared venture, where might was right and the strong arm of the law had not as yet even cast the shadow of its future coming. Such was the Arizona I knew in 1870 and such a country I pray it may never be my fate to again some in touch with.

"Of all the reptiles there the tarantula was the worst, but almost as dangerous was the white scorpion, for to his 2½ inch body was attached a sting that he could drive a full half inch into a man's body, and thus send the deadly poison coursing through his blood. The Gila monster, in spite of his dangerous reputation in the east, is not as dangerous as these others, but it is the veritable horror of his appearance that gives him his reputation.

"An overgrown and bloated lizard frequently attaining a length of 15 inches, he is fearful to behold, his alligatorlike body being of a dirty dark gray and covered with hard shell. His bite, however, compared with those of the others, is innocuous and need not be fatal if the one bitten applies without delay remedies to counteract the poison. I think it was on this trip that I witnessed as strange a sight as I had ever looked upon.

"One of our party, who had previously been in the country, assured us that he knew it all, and that a short cut across the mountains would save us many weary miles on our journey back to camp. We took him at his word, and midnight found us just on the crest of the divide, after fruitless hours spent in trying to follow a trail that had no existence. We were then in a cup shaped basin, the center of the cup being covered over by club chaparral and the balance with sun dried dead grass, and there we decided to remain the rest of the night. Tethering our weary horses without unadvising, we lay down to catch an hour or two's rest.

"The Indian we had as guide," continued the narrator, "was tied by either arm to two of the party. This was done for safety's sake, for in that God forsaken country there was no precaution that looked toward safety it was safe to overlook. About an hour after we had lain down the Indian suddenly let loose a frightful yell, and every man rolled over on his stomach and covered him with his hide. At the same time we became conscious of the hissing of numberless rattlesnakes, and the awful stench their bodies give off permeated the air.

"Why none of us was bitten was a miracle, for they were all over the place, and one of them crawling over his body was the cause of the Indian's yell. That club chaparral was their home, and they must have inhabited it by the thousands. After we had got the horses and ourselves to a place of safety one of our number suggested that we fire the place, and we accordingly touched the dry grass off. In a moment the entire chaparral leaped into flame, and then occurred the weirdest of sights, for the snakes crawled up the dwarf trees and projected their horrible, writhing heads above the sea of flame, while from all about the great yellow rattlers hurried into the ring of fire.

"A snake by instinct, you know, rushes into, not away from, a nearby flame. To this day it is a vivid picture in my mind—that zone of fire, with the swollen yellow reptiles rushing into it and the heads, with their gaping, fork tongued mouths, rising above and falling beneath the leaping flames."—New York Tribune.

## The Fruit Cure.

Twice it has been my privilege to take "the grape cure" in Switzerland. For ten days the schools are discontinued that teachers and scholars with fathers and mothers may repair to the vineyards and eat grapes all day long. For ten days the druggists mourn because customers are not, and for as many months nature's patients feel the good effects of the cure wrought in a pharmacy which is not of man's furnishing.

For 40 years I have taken the "fruit cure" all the year round and have to offer in advertisement thereof a perfect digestion, steady nerves and such general vigor as is roused to few women of my age.—Marion Harland in Philadelphia North American.

## HAYES' WAR STORY.

A Thrilling Incident of One Attack at Night.

The following incident of the great civil war was related by the late President R. B. Hayes while en route from Chicago to Indianapolis in the fall of 1870:

"I have frequently been asked," said General Hayes, "to tell the most thrilling experience that occurred to me during the four years in the volunteer army. It was in 1864 that the Army of West Virginia tried to capture Lynchburg, Va., but General Lee rapidly sent a heavy force to drive us back, and it was thought best to fall back to the Kanawha valley, where food and clothing could be had, and then go by the railroads to Winchester again."

"General Jubal Early's army was pressing our forces at every point, and I was ordered by General George Crook, who commanded the division, to check the enemy until our wagon trains and artillery could get out of the way. A gap was chosen in the mountains, two or three regiments were ordered to build a barricade across the road in the gap, one regiment was sent up the mountain on the right and another on the left of the gap to protect the flanks. These regiments selected were as accurate in firing as riflemen could be."

"It was dark by the time all these preparations could be made. General Crook was careful to give his instructions that the point must be held until the artillery and long wagon trains were beyond the reach of Early. Darkness, stillness and the mountains enveloped us. Finally an order came to march, to follow the army. General Russell Hastings, my aid, was sent up the mountain on one side to direct the regiment to come down and take the pike in the rear of the brigade and march rapidly after the artillery."

"Another of my staff, Major William McKinley was ordered to go up the mountain on the other side and direct the regiment to come down carefully and take the road in the rear of the breastworks. The duty was so perilous and of such great importance that the instructions were repeatedly given with the greatest care not to come down the mountain in front of the barricade, as in the darkness our men would fire into them. Colonel Devol, who commanded the men behind the breastworks, fully understood the situation. It seemed hours while we were waiting for the two regiments to come down the mountain."

"I was walking from my horse to the line of men lying down with guns resting across the pike. All at once the clear, ringing command of Colonel Devol was heard: 'Ready! Aim!' A thousand thoughts rushed upon me. Our men were counting down the mountain, and in the darkness were marching in front of the barricade. I tried to cry out to Colonel Devol: 'They are our men—don't fire!' I rushed toward him and the line, ready to grab him and the men who were ready to fire. My soul was on fire. I was too choked to cry out: 'Our men! Our men! Don't fire! Don't fire!' but I was too late. Devol gave the order 'Fire!' and one vast volley of guns roared out in the darkness. Groans and cries and curses followed.

"I jumped over the barricade, shouting to our men, leading their guns. 'Those are our men; don't fire! But Colonel Devol and his men tried to seize me, saying: 'They are rebels, colonel, do not go over the breastworks.' I hurried them off and seized the first wounded or dead man, yelling: 'To what regiment do you belong?' No answer. I grabbed another by the neck, turned him over and shouted: 'What regiment?' The road was full of them, and the man was wounded, but faintly answered, '—th Virginia; Early's army.' Our men had come down the mountain under the guidance of Hastings and McKinley and gone on after the army."

"Early's army had left us and gone toward Staunton, but the stragglers of his army had taken the wrong road, and followed us. Some of them were killed and wounded, but I learned afterward that it was a severe lesson, their men not keeping up with the column; it was valuable to us, in showing the danger of moving soldiers at night."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Flower's Mission.

She tripped lightly down the street. At the corner as she stepped to the curb a rose that she carried in her hand slipped from her fingers and fell to the mud of the pavement.

For a moment she hesitated and looked down. There lay the flower, even then wilted and stained. She made to stoop and pick it up, then changed her mind and went on.

Had you been passing just then you would have heard the rose sigh. Only once; then it lay there cold, faded and wilted in the mud of the pavement.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when a little fellow with a bundle of papers under his arm happened along.

His eyes were close to the ground, so he espied the rose. He stooped and picked it up and tried to wipe away the mud on the sleeve of his tattered nester. Then he put it in his pocket and that night laid it on a tottering table at the bedside of a sick, poor child.

The next morning was Sabbath day, and when the eyes of the little girl opened they first fell upon the flower.

It had taken on a new life in the night and now lay fresh as on the hour 'twas picked.

It may have been the surroundings, and, again, it may have only looked in the eyes of the sick child—one or the other; it does not matter. 'Twas beautiful to her.—Detroit Free Press.

## Why It's All Right.

"They say our ambassador's official black swallowtail coat doesn't cut off much of a dash in European courts beside the gorgeous robes of other foreign ambassadors."

"Yes, but there is an American inside of it."—Chicago Record.

## IMITATION JEWELS.

PASTE DIAMONDS AND OTHER FALSE PRECIOUS STONES.

A Regular Trade in the Alleged Gems That Glitter and Glisten—Who Invented Them and Where This Class of Glassware Is Made.

If the proverb "All's not gold that glitters" were amended to read "All are not diamonds that glitter," it would be equally true and perhaps more apt; for there's fully as much glitter about jewels, real and false, as there is in gold and its imitations. It is by artfully turning and twisting in the light his tastefully mounted bit of glass that the hifalump dealer in the goods of the famous Deazle Jewel company is able to catch the fancy and tempt the vanity of the glib customer, who buys for 25 cents an article which if it were what it purports to be would cost from \$100 to \$500.

To be sure, there are people who purchase paste diamonds knowingly. Occasionally an actress who cannot afford such a luxury and whose admirers have not yet bestowed real diamonds upon her wears paste on the stage. In this case she knows exactly what she is about in making her purchase. It has been asserted with some show of truthfulness that actresses and singers who have amassed wealth and are the possessors of genuine and valuable jewels have duplicates made which are imitations. The originals are worn only under circumstances where detection would be easy and where the danger of accidental loss is reduced to a minimum. But on the stage and under other conditions where there is more or less danger of carelessness, or mischance the paste substitutes are used.

It is even alleged that women in private life, harassed by fear of burglars and tired of having detectives follow them about on occasions when they wear precious stones whose value amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars, also resort to this device, securing peace of mind by sending their real jewels to a safe deposit vault and wearing clever imitations at receptions, banquets and balls.

To the jeweler the word "paste" means glass. Sometimes one hears this material called "rhinestone" or "strass," but these are terms employed by the trade alone and not in talking with a customer. They apply only to imitations of diamonds. The business of making jewels is at least two centuries old. Some of the accounts of the invention of strass say that it was known in Strassburg as long ago as 1680. One authority attributes the name to the city where it first made its appearance and another to the man who devised it, Josef Strassner. The word "rhinestone" is also employed to describe the same article and is an allusion to the great stream on which the paste diamond made its debut. However, "rhinestone" is applied to large specimens, such as are suitable for clasps and buckles, and are, so enormous that no one could possibly mistake them for diamonds, whereas "paste" is used to designate an imitation jewel, of about the same composition as the rhinestone, but small enough to look like a real stone.

A number of formulas have been devised in order to produce a glass of the right hardness, brilliancy and purity. The Jeweler's Circular recently gave a number of them and remarks that the same time that for a century or more no book on glass was considered complete without a chapter on imitation jewels. Even for making "paste" there is a variety of methods and mixtures and to produce good likeness of rubies, emeralds, amethysts and other colored stones the composition must be different from any of these.

To a certain extent the jewelry trade recognizes this industry as legitimate. That is to say, there are dealers in Maiden lane who unhesitatingly advertise "real and imitation stones." If you go in and ask to see stock, you are asked without hesitation or disguise whether you want to examine the real article or an imitation.

Moreover, there are numerous houses, notably in Providence and Attleboro, which manufacture earrings, finger rings, shirt studs, brooches, belts, buckles, clasps and other articles in various grades of gold and set with imitation jewels. None of the latter are made in America. They are all imported. But the mounting is done here and without apparent intent to deceive, at least so far as the manufacturer is concerned. The retailer who buys from him is not fooled. He goes into the transaction with his eyes open. Perhaps for advertising purposes the manufacturer gives to his glass diamond a fancy name, like "The Dewey Brilliant," "The Evening Star," "The Cigarette," "The Melba" or "The Kimberley," but he does not lie about its character.

Most of the cheaper imitations come from a country famous for its other glassware, Bohemia. But the better ones are made in the Jura region of France, not very far from the birthplace of strass. The less expensive imitations are molded, like pressed glass tumblers or dishes. The more costly are cut, and the quality of the cutting counts for almost as much with the importer as color and luster. Imitations that cost from 10 cents to \$2.50 a piece look to the uninitiated like jewels which would cost from \$75 to \$500, but their nature is easily detected by an expert, who has many tests at his disposal.

Whatever may be said in regard to the "legitimate" trade in imitation jewels, it is to be feared that an enormous business is done in them by unscrupulous dealers. Such goods are often sold to persons who imagine that they are buying real diamonds. Some of the misrepresentations indulged in are technically legal, but in instances one can discover cases that clearly come within the limits of "obtaining money under false pretenses."—New York Tribune.



BIG GABRIEL SAILES.

HE WAS A MIGHTY MAN IN TALLNESS AND STRENGTH.

How He Felled an Ox With a Blow From His Fist and Scared Away a New York Prisoner—His Quasi Mode of Death to Cheat the Devil.

On the Talbot county "Debt Book For Quit Claims, Michaelmas, 1755," made by Colonel Edward Tilghman for Henry Holbyday, Esq., representing the interests of the late lord proprietor, showing what was due on quit claims on that date, appears the following entry: "Gabriel Sailes—Rich Range, 300 acres, 6s. 0d.; Delph, 100 acres, 2s. 6d."

These farms were in what is now and was probably then called Oxford Neck, on the left hand side of the public road from Hambleton to Oxford, in a pretty and rich agricultural section. Since Sailes' day among other owners of the land was John Leeds Kerr, some time United States senator.

Of course no one living ever saw Gabriel Sailes or ever saw any one that did see him. He left no descendants, and as far as is known to the narrator or to the people he has talked with there is no one of his kindred living. But his name is as well known to this generation as that of any of his contemporaries—better known than nearly all of them. The stories told about him and the traditions attached to the place keep his name in remembrance.

He was a mighty man in tallness and strength, measuring, we are told, 6 feet 8 inches in height, and of splendid physical and muscular development. Many stories are told of his feats of strength, the best of which is this: The fame of this powerful man had gone far abroad. It had even reached New York city, where exaggerated stories of his feats and prowess had been told among men who considered they were something of giants themselves. The most notorious pugilist in the country at that time was a big and powerful New Yorker named Garth, or Goerth.

He was a man of science in the pugilistic art, had whipped many a man and had never been bested himself. He heard so much about Gabriel Sailes and what he could do that he got mad and determined to find him and whip him. One day in November a stranger rode up to the Sailes house. "Are you Mr. Gabriel Sailes?" he demanded. "Yes, what'll ye have?" said the eastern shore man to the New Yorker, and he was not a bit startled at the latter's reply. "My name's Garth. I am a fighting man from New York. I have heard of you as a fighter, and I have come all the way down here to whip you!"

"All right," said the eastern shore man, "wait a minute until I kill this beef." In those days, and frequently in these, it was the custom to wind up the proceedings of a hog killing day by slaughtering a beef for Christmas. The animal this time was a big ox. He was brought up in front of Sailes, who struck him between the eyes with his right fist and knocked him down. After cutting the ox's jugular he turned about to announce to the New Yorker that he was ready to accommodate him, but that worthy was riding rapidly out the lane, on his way back to New York.

"It is not related of his slaves that he was particularly cruel to his slaves. But he must have been pretty much of that kind. It is told that when they asked 'Mas Gabriel' for a holiday he would exclaim: 'Holiday, yo black rascals! Yes, ye shall have holiday,' and would then compel them to climb up on top of the barn and sit straddle of the roof ridge all day. Twenty years ago a gentleman, then 75 years old, told the narrator that his father, when a small boy, had seen the negroes sitting a straddle the top of Gabriel Sailes' barn like so many crows.

ODD MOUNTAIN RACE.

Tennessee People Who Claim Foreign Descent.

The most peculiar people among the mountaineers of Tennessee are the Malungeons. They are copper colored, with high cheek bones, straight noses, black hair, rather coarse, black eyes, and have more intelligence than the ordinary mountaineers.

Their color and their customs have caused them a great deal of trouble. The Malungeons number between 400 and 500. They live on Black Kater creek, in Hancock county, and they have been in that section more than 100 years. The records of Hancock county show that their ancestors came to Powell's valley as early as 1789, when they took up lands on Black Water. Tradition says they held aloof from the white settlers and spoke a strange language, which none of the pioneers understood. Some of them could speak broken English, and by this means communicated with the white merchants to the extent of buying arms and ammunition and other supplies which they could not procure in the valleys of their mountain homes.

Before the war the Malungeons had a hard time in obtaining the right to vote and to send their children to the public schools. The white citizens declared that they were negroes, and the matter was finally carried into the courts. It developed that the ancestors of these people emigrated to America about 100 years ago from the interior of South Carolina, and had spent some time in Portugal before going to Tennessee. They declared on the witness stand that there was not a drop of negro blood in their veins, and after long and tedious litigation they were allowed to vote and send their children to school.

When the war broke out in 1861, the Malungeons espoused the cause of the Union. After the war closed and the Malungeons returned to their old pursuits they found that the government was interfering with one of their chief industries—making whisky. They had been distillers back in South Carolina, and some of the earliest stills in Tennessee were brought by their ancestors over the mountains from their original settlement. They killed revenue officers, just as the other mountaineers did, for disturbing their stills. Of late years, however, the revenue men have been so persistent in the work of destroying the illicit traffic that the Malungeons have sold but little whisky openly. They still make moonshine whisky, but they have adopted the art of dodging tactics of the other moonshiners of the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains, and it is rare that one of the race is caught. So far as known not one of the Malungeons has ever ridden on a train.

Their deep, religious nature is the most striking of all their characteristics. During their meetings they will sing and shout until almost beside themselves with religious fervor. One of the patriarchs of the Malungeons was Uncle Yard Collins. Many years ago a noted church bishop was traveling through the Black Water district. He accidentally came to Uncle Yard's house and asked to stay overnight with him, a privilege readily granted. When he told the old man he was a preacher, the patriarch said he would like to hear him preach. The bishop inquired where the congregation would come from. For answer his host took a long dinner horn from his rack and, going outdoors, blew several shrill blasts. Within an hour 100 people had assembled and showed great interest in the sermon.

The Malungeons were Whigs before the war, and since then have voted the Republican ticket. Their customs have not changed in 200 years. They still live in one roomed log cabins and use the old fashioned, long barreled rifle, which hangs over every door. They are warm hearted and hospitable, and, it is claimed, make the purest mountain brandy to be found. The family names are Gibson, Mullins, Collins, Wilkins and a few others.—Special Cor. Chicago Record.

The First Mourning Paper.

The oldest known letter written on black edged note paper as a sign of mourning appears to be one dated Jan. 5, 1683. In Addison's comedy of "The Drummer," 1715, reference is made to the fashion in the words, "My lady's mourning paper that is blacked at the edges." A few years later Allan Ramsay, who died in 1788, speaks in one of his poems of "the sable bordered sheet" as a messenger of sorrow. Mann, writing from Italy to Horace Walpole in 1745, says that it was universally used in Florence at that time. The superior elegance of this Italian note paper, with its narrow margin of black, explains its ready acceptance in this country, where it superseded the quarto sheet with a black border sometimes a quarter of an inch wide. In this way it probably gave an impetus to the fashion. But it is a mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the fashion was introduced from Italy.—London Answers.

Always Ready For a Meal.

Perhaps you fancy the birds don't work. Just watch them next time you have a chance and you'll find they are busy every minute of the day. During the summer thrushes get up before 3 o'clock in the morning and don't go to bed until after 9 o'clock at night. So they work nearly 19 hours. Blackbirds are not so industrious. They only work 17 hours, but during that time they feed their little ones between 40 and 50 times.—Our Animal Friends.

Vaccination in Japan.

In Japan vaccination is compulsory, and the government makes its own lymph and issues it free of charge. Revaccination at stated periods is also rigidly enforced. Only calf lymph is used.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

PREFIXES OF VARIOUS KINDS AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

Some of the Local Designations of Ancient Times From Which Have Descended the Personal Nomenclature of the Present Day.

In nearly every country where personal nomenclature has assumed a sure and settled basis—that is, where a second or surname has become a hereditary possession in the family—we shall find that that portion of it which is of local origin bears by far the largest proportion to the whole. Prefixes of various kinds were at first freely used to declare more particularly whence the name was sprung. Thus if he were come from some town or city he would be William of York or John of Bolton, familiarly pronounced William a York or John a Bolton. This, of course, is met in France by de, as it was also on English soil during early Norman times.

If, on the other hand, the situation only of the abode gave the personality of the name, the connecting link was varied according to the humor or caprice of the speaker or relative aspect of the site itself. Thus we find such entries as John Above-brook or Adeline Above-town or Thomas Behind-water, or John Beneath-the-town. The word Lane is found attached to the personal name in the following ways: Cecilia in the Lane, Emma a la Lane, John de la Lane, John de Lane, Mariota en la Lane, Philippa ate Lane and Thomas super Lane.

Of the definite terms used some are purely Norman, some purely Latin, a few an admixture of the two, and the rest are Saxon, att being the chief one. This att was "at the," answering to the Norman *de la*, *del* or *du*, and was familiarly contracted by our forefathers into the other forms of *ate* and *att*, or, for the sake of euphony, when a vowel preceded the name proper, extended to "atten." This *atte* or *att* was occasionally incorporated with the sobriquet of locality and thus became a recognized part of the surname itself. Thus such a name as John *ate* Wood, or Gilbert *ate* Wood, has bequeathed us not merely the familiar Wood, but Artwood and Atwood also. In a like manner *atridge* has become *Attridge*; *atfield*, *Atfield*, while such other designations as *at-to-town*, *at-hill*, *atte-Worth*, *atte-Tree* and *atte-Cliffe* are nowadays Atton, Athill, Atworth, Atrees and Atcliffe.

Such a name as *De la Dene* or *Atte Den*, of frequent occurrence formerly, and as *Dean* or *Den*, equally familiar now, is worthy of particularity. A *den* was a sunken and wooded vale, where cattle might find alike covert and pasture. We have a remembrance of the brook in Brocton, the wolf in Wolfenden, the fox in Foxden, the ram in Ramsden, the hare in Harden and the deer in Dearden, Buckden or Bugden, Rayden and Roden, or Rowden. The more domesticated animals abide with us in Horsden, Oxenden, Cowden, Borden and Sugden, or Sowden, Swinden, Everden and Ogden, at first written *de Hogedene*.

The les afforded shelter to all manner of domestic live stock and some few of the wilder quarry. The equine species has given us *Horsley*, the bovine *Cowley*, *Kinles* and *Oxley* or *Oxley*; the deer, *Hartley*, *Rowley*, *Buckley* and *Hindley*; the hare, *Harley*, and the sheep, *Shipley*. Characteristic of the trees which inclosed it we get *Ashley*, *Elmsley*, *Oakley*, *Lindley* or *Berkeley*. Our Hargreaves hail from the grove where the hares are plentiful, and our Congreaves represent the same in the coney. Our Cloughs represent the narrow fissures between the hills. To the same root we owe our *Olives*, *Cliffes*, *Cleaves* and *Cloves*, besides endless *Cliffords*, *Cleavelands*, *Turncliffes*, *Subcliffes*, *Ratcliffs*, *Faircloughs*, etc.

Another branch of local surnames throws a light upon the migratory habits and roving tendencies of our forefathers. Thus such a name as *Peter le Newe* or *Gilbert le Newcomen* or *Walter le Neweman* declares to us at once its origin. Then there is no village or hamlet in England which has not subscribed in this manner to our nomenclature, as *Ralph de Debenham* of Miles de Ashford. A passing from one part of the British empire to another has been a prolific source of names. Thus we find *Henry de Irland*, *Adam de Irland*, *Roger le Enoct* and *Maurice le Scot*. Other countries also furnished many names. The *Arters*, once registered *de Artos*, came from *Artos*, the *Gaskins* and *Gascognes*, from *Gascony*, while to *Champagne* we are indebted for the *Champneys*. To *Lombardy* and the *Jews* we owe the *Lombards*, *Lombards* and *Lubbards*. From *le Aleman* or *de Almania* or *le Aleman* have sprung our *Alemons*, *Almaines* and *Allmans* and through the French probably our *Dalmatines*, *Dalmans* and *Dolmans*.

A class of surnames which occupies no mean place is that bequeathed by the dignitaries and officers of mediæval times. These include *king*, *priest*, *abbot*, *prior* and many others. In considering the surnames of occupation, we remember that every village had its *thatcher*, to make and mend the roofs. From this we get the *Surnames* *Thatcher*, *Thacker* and *Thackery* or *Thackery*. A *hillyer* was also a *roofer*, and we have *Hillyer*, *Hillier*, *Hellier*, *Hellyer*, *Helman* and *Heilman*. A curious memorial of a past state of life abides with us in our *Boardmans*, *Boorders*, *Bordmans* and *Borders*. They were the tenants of lands which their lord kept expressly for the maintenance of his table, the rental being paid in kind.—Boston Herald.

Strange.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Did you ever think what a funny thing a lemon is? Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Why funny? "You know how sour it is!" "Oh, yes!" "Well, people take 'em to make 'em sing sweetly."—Youkers Statesman.

The Chinese Fear From Rain.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese to carefully avoid being caught in the rain. The chief reason for this is that they have a superstition, that drops of rain falling on the hair breed vermin, which, with their very long hair, is very difficult for them to get rid of. They are, however, equally careful not to wet their feet. Their care of their feet is not altogether due to the fact that the soles of their shoes are made of pasteboard and liable to be injured by soaking, but also because they believe that sore feet are brought about by getting them damp.

This fear of the Chinese of rain storms has had a peculiar effect on their mobs and armies. At the time of the massacre of 1870 at Tien-tsin the mob, after it had burned the French consulate, the cathedral and convent, had destroyed the orphanage of the Sisters of Charity and had murdered the consul, all the sisters and several priests, started toward the other settlement, determined to put all foreigners to death. The cathedral behind them was in flames, and the mob fresh from the torture of nuns, was hungry for blood. It started down the Taku road with frenzied shouts and the beating of drums and gongs, when suddenly it began to rain. That was the end of the massacre. The Chinese covered their heads and scattered.—Leslie's Weekly.

Geysers' Antipathy For Soap.

Some years ago an unfortunate discovery for a time menaced the tranquillity and almost the existence of some of the geysers in Yellowstone park. The story goes that an adventurous Chinaman once essayed to use the bowl of one of the geysers for the purpose of washing clothes, the temperature of the water appealing to his oriental mind. Everything went well until he began to use soap, when suddenly a violent eruption seized the apparently innocent geyser, hurling clothes and all into the air. The experiment was tried on other geysers with similar results, and for a time it was considered a great blessing, as when large tourist parties arrived it was a great convenience to bring on a special display by "soaping the geyser," as it was called, while before the advent of the Chinaman and his soap some of the most beautiful geysers of ten remained stubbornly inactive for days and often weeks and months.

After a time, however, it was discovered that this soaping was slowly but surely harming the geyser action, "tiring them out," in fact, and thereupon the government put a stop to the use of soap in the park in connection with the geysers.

His Banjo a Barometer.

There is a young man about town who is always prepared for all kinds of weather. No matter if he attends a function when the night is cloudless and rain falls before he goes home, he is always on hand with an umbrella, much to the delight of the girl with him.

For a long time his secret remained undisclosed, and he was looked upon as a weather prophet who could give points to the local bureau. However, it is no longer a secret, for the young man confessed not long ago the reason for his invariably correct prognostication of nasty weather. He is a very fair banjoist, and it was noticed that he always played on his instrument before going out at night. When the plaintive sounds were muted, he never neglected to take his umbrella, but if, on the contrary, the sound was sharp and clear he went without it.

The head, or sounding board, of a banjo is made of sheepskin, and in damp weather it expands, and the head becomes loose. In dry weather it becomes tight as a drum. This is the reason for his invariable good luck in "picking" the weather, for he owns a natural barometer.—Louisville Post.

A Colony of Bees.

By a strange coincidence certain families living in the Third ward form a colony of bees. For over a square on Main street below Fifth the name of each family begins with a B, says the Monongahela Republican. At the corner of Fifth, on the east side of the street, live the Baileys, next Dr. Bidle, and then in regular order without a break the following families own the property: Bebouts, the Baird estate, Bowmans, Baptist church, Beaches and Barrs. On the west side live the Bentleys, Blythes and Bairds together, and a little farther up the street Dr. Billick lives. Twelve families in the circle of a square whose names all begin with "B," or, as one of the little "bees" put it the other day, "each family has a bee and a hive."

Antipodean Tale of a Dog.

Murphy, when he lived in the bush, always shared his blanket with the pup, but when he shifted to town he had to break the pup of its old habit. The first time he caught it in bed he kicked it out. Next time Toby heard him coming and jumped up quickly. But Murphy was suspicious, put his hand on the bed and found it warm. Then there was trouble for one small dog. That day the pup earnestly watched Murphy cooling his dinner by blowing on it. The following day Murphy came home at usual time, sneaked quietly up stairs and observed the pup blowing on the bed for all he was worth.—Sydney Bulletin.

The Value of Trees.

Forests of shady trees mitigate climatic conditions, and there is no doubt they attract rain showers. Leaves generate oxygen and absorb noxious gases, forming a natural antidote to grievances of crowded cities. Shade trees prevent sunstroke and also prevent ophthalmia, the cause of lower Egypt and southern Italy. Where there are no trees, the glare of the sun on the sand and white buildings is equal to its shining on snow.

OMENS ON WARSHIPS.

Superstitions Which Govern the Old Sails of the Navy.

The most picturesque superstitions of the seas are those which govern a modern man-of-war. Every old salt in the navy believes in hoodoos and spells which may work all sorts of evils on his ship and must be carefully guarded against.

The powers of a ship's hoodoos commence before the ship has entered the water. It is a generally accepted superstition that if the first blow which is struck the keel brings sparks the ship is destined to suffer from a raking fire from the enemy.

The old time practice of stealing a piece of wood and imbedding it in the prow for good luck is, of course, impossible in the case of steel ships, though it is considered lucky to have a piece of stolen wood on board.

Another old superstition is satisfied by placing a silver coin in some crevice of the fighting top of the mainmast or some place below decks where it touches the steel mast. Originally it was a very common custom to tubed a silver coin, and preferably a Spanish coin, in the wooden steps near the mast.

Figureheads have been in high favor with sailors from remote antiquity. Originally they were carved to represent some god or saint. Even today a sailor would hesitate to sail on an ironclad without such protection.

The ceremony of launching a ship is merely a concession to an old superstition. The various formalities of ship christening have been followed with little variation for centuries.

In the early days of shipbuilding it was the custom for the captain and the crew to eat their first meal stowed away in the mold loft. Their meal invariably consisted of eggs and sulphur. From this custom has come the present day practice of providing cake and wine for the crew. And the old libation which the priests used to pour over the prow of the ship as she slipped into the water has been replaced by the breaking of a bottle of champagne.

The modern man-of-war dashes into the water with flags waving from every masthead. In order to gratify this old superstition it is necessary to expend hundreds of dollars for the christening of a single ship. But no one begrudges this extravagance. In a way it is necessary.

The good or ill luck of certain days is still a belief among the sailors. Friday is a day of ill omen, and Sunday is usually a lucky day.

A superstition about women is a relic of the old belief in witchcraft. It is thought that a woman by throwing sand in the air on shipboard can produce violent storms. Not many years ago some women who traveled on English warships were tortured during a storm to make them quiet the waves.

These barbaric beliefs, however, are partially compensated by the superstition which sailors have held for centuries that beautiful children bring a blessing to a ship. Our old salts have christened a child.

The average sailor is superstitious about the ringing of the ship's bells. In olden times the bells were blessed before they were used. At present, if a mistake is made in striking the hour, the sailors insist that the bells at once be struck backward to break the spell, and if by any chance the wind should catch the bells and swing them all the way round or if they strike nine bells it is believed that it will be the last of that ship.

All good warships go to the "shores of Fiddler's Green" as a final resting place. Just where this mythical harbor is situated no geographer has yet decided. It is in every way the antithesis of "Davy Jones' locker." A warship which goes down in battle with her flags flying, as occurred several times during the civil war, goes to "Fiddler's Green."

The tattooing habit is, of course, very common in the navy. It is believed that an arm or a leg decorated with the design of a gun or a sword or some such design will never be lost in battle.—San Francisco Call.

She Was the Beller.

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be ruled any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out imperiously. "Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs. Topnoody!" Mrs. Topnoody came out of the kitchen, a dish rag tied round her head and a rolling pin in her hand. "Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Jane, I want you to understand, madam, and he tapped his breast dramatically, 'I am the engineer of this establishment.'"

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, William, I want you to understand that I," and she looked dangerous, "I am the beller that will blow up and throw the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, William?"

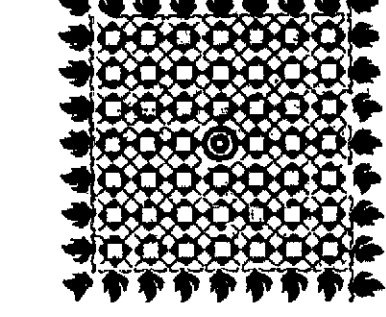
William heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.—Pearson's Weekly.

Honest Tommy.

"Tommy," asked a mother of her 4-year-old son, "where did that hole in the window come from?" "I don't know, mamma," replied the little fellow. "Are you sure you don't?" she asked. "Course I am," answered Tommy. "I throwed my ball awhile ago, and then I saw the hole, but honestly I don't now know where it came from."—London Fun.

THE HERALD

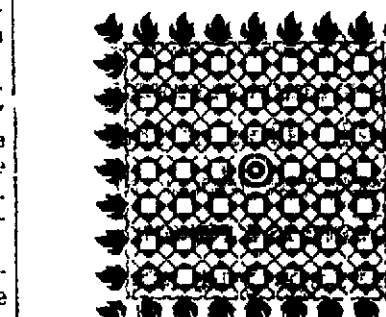
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MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1902.

### SNAP SHOTS.

Governor Dole goes back to Hawaii vindicated.

Botha and De Wet haven't yet been invited to the coronation.

"Scat!" said the Massachusetts legislature to that bill licensing cats.

Ben Tillman may challenge the winner of the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries mill.

Mr. Kipling goes into politics—and everybody will pardon him for this, if he'll only go out of poetry.

A general boycott of beef would be very apt to bring that high and mighty trust down to earth once more.

Miss Delaware must be getting absent-minded—she hasn't sent out that annual report about the failure of her peach crop yet.

Agulnado is complaining of lack of exercise—but would he like to be turned loose with a regiment of Yankee soldiers hot on his trail through the jungle?

Perhaps now that King Edward has learned that King Alfonso's coronation is to be attended with bull fights, he'll go to work and get up a live-pigeon shoot for his own show.

Former Governor Hogg (all the way from Texas) in knee breeches and with a little feather in his cap would be the most entertaining feature of the coronation—but he won't.

Who said ping-pong is a gentle game?—Here the students at the Syracuse College of Medicine have smashed about six hundred dollars' worth of fittings in the study room while racing after the elusive little ball.

### CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Some of the Topics and Courses Being Arranged for the Coming Session at the Champlain Assembly.

Cliff Haven, N. Y., April 19.—The Catholic Summer School of America, which is permanently located here, on the historic shores of Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, has plans for several new buildings, to be started before the coming session, which, this year, will extend over a period of nine weeks, from July 6 to Sept. 5. The syllabus of studies and lectures is now being prepared, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City, who is chairman of the Board of Studies. It will be issued soon, and will contain a complete list of speakers and subjects.

A special course in philosophical studies will be conducted by the Rev. F. P. Siegfried of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., assisted by the Rev. Thomas O'Brien, S. J., St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, and Dr. James Fox, from the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and special studies in literature will be in charge of Dr. Conde B. Pallen and the Rev. Hugh T. Henry.

Plans for a comprehensive treatment of the middle ages, from different points of view have been arranged by the Rev. D. J. McMahon, D. D., of New York City. The object is to present historical research up to date, in six courses of lectures dealing with the popes, the rulers, the philosophers, the writers, saints and sages. The lectures on these topics will be given by the Rev. William Livingston, New York; the Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D. D., Philadelphia; the Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., Somerset, Ohio; the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., Boston; Dr. Conde B. Pallen, New York, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, who holds the Bancroft chair of political economy at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Some notable events in American history will be presented by Thomas A. Mullen, Boston, and other names on the list of speakers are: Hon. Thomas B. Connery, Commissioner of the New York board of education; James A. Hone, editorial staff of "Brooklyn Eagle"; Thomas P. Garland, A. M. Harvard; J. Vincent Crowne, Ph. D., University of Pennsylvania; the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C. S. P., of the Paulist Fathers, and Thomas Swift, editor of "The Union," Ottawa, Canada.

Dr. James J. Walsh will continue the course of study in biology, begun at a previous session, and the recent book by Professor Royce, of Harvard, treating of the world and the individual.

ual, will furnish subject matter for five lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L., whose writings on theological subjects have been favorably mentioned by Mr. W. H. Mallock, in the "Fortnightly Review."

The prospectus of the Champlain Assembly is being prepared by the secretary, Warren E. Mosher, No. 39 East Forty-second street, New York City, and it will contain detailed information about the social and athletic attractions of the coming session.

### ON THE DIAMOND.

It looks as if Christy Mathewson were the same old puzzle that he was last year.

For the coming five or six weeks, anyway, the Maplewoods will probably play all their games on out-of-town diamonds.

The first open date which Newburyport High has is to be given the Maplewoods. This will probably be within three weeks.

As soon as the Eppings reorganize for the season, which will probably be soon, the Maplewoods are going up for a try at them.

A Columbus, Ohio, legislator wants the management of baseball parks to provide shelter for the "bleacher contingent." He says nothing about score cards and peanuts.

Henry, the shortstop of Newburyport High, made eleven assists without an error in the game with Ballou and Hobbs of the school of Boston on Saturday, at Newburyport.

"I hope my wing will last three more years and then I'll have pitched ten years," said Jess Tannehill of the Pittsburghs. "That's a good trip for a southpaw, for few of them travel more than seven years in fast company."

Heterman, of the Amesbury High school team, struck out ten men of the Sanborn seminary team of Kingston at Amesbury on Saturday, his nine winning by the score of fourteen to eight. Only one hit was made off him.

In looking over the American League clubs the Athletics, Chicago, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and St. Louis all seem to have an equal chance for the flag, while Detroit and Cleveland may loom up in the race as dark horses.

### SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

The biggest mud story of the season comes from Clinton, Me., where a horse was stuck in the highway and died before it could be rescued. Clinton people have on consolation, they are not wearing out the brain over street sprinkling.

There is a man in Connecticut who wants his name changed. He presents to the court several reasons, but the name itself ought to be sufficient. It is Zdzichowski. Somebody ought to take pity on the man, borrow a dice box and give him another shake. He couldn't do worse.

A farmer's wife out in New York according to reports presented her husband two years after their marriage with a son, a year or two later with twins, and this week broke the record with five children, all girls and all as well as could be expected thank you. The mother is doing well but the condition of the father is not reported.

### BUILDING CONTRACTS.

The total value of contracts awarded on new building and engineering enterprises throughout New England for the past week, as compiled by the F. W. Dodge company, approximates \$27,955,000. This includes a large engineering project in the states of Maine and New Hampshire) as against \$2,233,000 for the corresponding week last year, making a total of \$50,007,000 to date this year as against \$30,339,000 for the corresponding period last year.

About four per cent of the contracts awarded are for dwellings, apartments, hotels, etc., while ninety-one per cent is for mills, factories and other manufacturing buildings.

### A FAMOUS PAINTER.

"The Vision of St. Anthony of Padua" is one of Murillo's greatest paintings. It was painted in 1650 and is now in the baptistry of the cathedral of Seville. The figure of St. Anthony was cut out of the picture on the night of Nov. 4, 1874. Telegrams were immediately sent to the consuls of all countries, and it was discovered in New York, where it had been offered to a Mr. Schaus for \$250. It was restored to the picture by the great artist, Marinetti.

### WHY STAY PALE?

A party to see pale girls stay pale and dull when it is so easy to get Scott's Emulsion.

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"I feel it my duty to tell you what your medicines did for me," writes Mrs. Blanche Marshall, of Whiting, Jackson Co., Kansas, Box 139. "I was severely afflicted with kidney trouble and female weakness. In less than three months the trouble became so bad I could hardly walk around the house. I suffered almost everything. Seeing your advertisement in our paper concluded to write Dr. Pierce. After receiving your kind advice I immediately began taking your medicine. After taking two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' alternately with two of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and using one box of 'Lotion Tablets' I am entirely cured. I can do all my own work without any trouble. I take great pleasure in recommending Doctor Pierce's medicine to all suffering women."



### How Kipling Crushed a Bore.

I met a traveler who came from the Cape aboard the steamer on which Rudyard Kipling made the passage, and he had some good stories to tell of the author. Kipling was pestered by a flock of passengers who wished to gush over him and hero worship him.

Kipling, you know, is not built that way and puts up impatiently with gush and hysteria. One forenoon Kipling was walking the deck hand in hand with his little daughter, when one of the gushers, seeing an opportunity to flutter the father and so make friends with the author, threw himself in the way of the couple.

"Oh, Mr. Kipling," he gushed, "is that your child?" Kipling granted a noncommittal "Yes" and tried to pass. But the fellow was not done with him. Still standing in the way, he exclaimed:

"What a delightfully beautiful and healthy child she is!" Kipling gazed at a stony gaze at the man, and saying, with great emphasis on the personal pronoun, "I'm reasonably satisfied with her make," he shouldered past the bore and tramped on.—Saturday Evening Post.

### A Blunt Excuse.

There is a story of an English clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend and who had the ill luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be returned by Sunday's post, but the dentist or the post proved faithless.

With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be useless to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation. But his feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the seclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk in impressive tones thus deliver the excuse:

"Parson is very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obliged to wear a set of artificial teeth. They busted last Wednesday, and he ain't got them back from London today, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do more for him. 'Tisn't any use for him going up in the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home."

### Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego; a man with but one eye is a tuerto; a pug nosed man is chato; one who is cross eyed is a bisojo; a cobbler is a huertero, and a man who has but one arm; if he is humpbacked he is a jorobado, if baldheaded a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.

### PLANT SYSTEM MILEAGE.

One thousand mile books of the Plant System of Railways good from Washington to Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Thomasville, Jacksonville, Tampa, Albany, Brunswick and all intermediate points. Rate \$25 each. On sale at office of J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 290 Broadway, New York.

### For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WISLAW'S PINKING SOAP has been used for children's bathing. It softens the child's skin, cures all skin eruptions, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

## TAKING HER PICTURE

WOMAN AS SHE IS SAID TO POSE BEFORE THE CAMERA.

Studio Devices for Enhancing the Charm of the Fair Subject—How Men Usually Face the Photographer—Portraits of Babies.

The photographer's studio—the old fashioned gallery has gone the way of all flesh—is a most fascinating place to visit; to visit—that is, with no suicidal intent, but merely as a disinterested spectator of the works of art it contains, for the modern photograph is indeed a work of art.

To many persons, and the writer is one of them, the dentist's chair hardly presents more appalling possibilities than the pictorial seat provided by the camera artist. To sit, arrayed as the lilies of the field, and stare violently at nothing, trying meanwhile to assume one's sweetest expression, is an experience before which one would think the stoutest heart would quail, the most pleasing countenance develop a ghastly grin. That they do not do anything of the sort is proved by the specimen photographs one sees.

Here is a maiden with a dimple which she is intent upon showing. The cheek which contains it is turned invitingly toward an admiring public, and Cupid's hiding place made very, very conspicuous, so much so that the whole of the rest of the picture seems to revolve around it, and one hardly notices the pretty décolleté gown or any of the other fine details so absorbing it is.

Here is another maid, also décolleté, but wearing a wide picture hat much beplumed. Either, one muses, she is going to a dance with the hat on or else she thinks of shopping clad in a low cut gown. There seems to be some inconsistency in either supposition, but one remembers that the hat is very becoming, and so is the gown, and that the combination is entirely fetching, so she smiles leniently back at her and passes on to her neighbor.

She is also clad in evening costume, and so are almost all the other girls, until one is tempted to exclaim, "Neck or nothing!" Most of the photographers recognize this penchant in women for the décolleté so entirely that they keep evening waists to hire to their patrons, just as they keep a comb and brush in their dressing rooms. One may even rent property jewelry in some of the galleries, ranging from two carat diamond sunbursts and other trifles, indicative of her husband's appreciation of her sacrifices in marrying him.

The women who are photographed in evening gowns on a stairway have usually reached the last step in their progress down, and one is free to imagine that it is a snapshot of them in their own beautiful homes and that they are engaged in their usual evening amusement of coming down for the ball. The orchestra is supposed to be playing in the drawing room at the right of the hall, and the subject of the picture seems to have paused just a moment, perhaps to decide how many dances she will give Reginald. If some of those beautiful stars whose names are limited to an elevator in an apartment house or to the straight, narrow stairs of a boarding house. Some few street costumes are seen among the rank and file, and their appearance is particularly refreshing.

Men, photographers say, "take" much better than women because they do not attempt to pose. A man walks into a studio and takes his seat before the camera with very little preliminary "fixing." He is content that his hair should fall in its usual way, and if his tie is perfectly straight and his linen immaculate he considers that he has done all that is necessary in the costume line. His likeness is usually, therefore, of the kind popularly known as "speaking," little idealized and little altered.

The photographs of children are almost always things of beauty and veritable joys forever. The little ones do not pose either, and so the flowerlike faces are reproduced with the sweet, infantile expression of thorough unconsciousness. There is one class of infant photographs, however, that one would think was better honored in the breach than in the observance. This is that that represents the innocent youngsters clad in such an infinitesimal scrap of clothing that one cannot but think how thoroughly ashamed of themselves they will be when they grow up and look at this reproduction of their chubby selves. It is a very reprehensible habit of parents, for the danger of pneumonia to the subjects must be great.

Actresses are undoubtedly the best posed and are really to be envied for the facility which they possess of being able to assume before the deadly instrument their best facial expressions and most graceful poses.

Strange how shocked one becomes when confronted with a picture of herself taken 18 years before!

"Did I ever look like that?" she gasps and straightway tears the semblance up. The difference is great between a past photograph and a present presentation truly, but it is one of dress and the arrangement of the coiffure, not of features, for cameras do not lie, as we all know.

The mezzotint photograph of the day is certainly a great improvement upon the polished finish of the old kind. The features are softened by this process, and the face that looks out at one from the card is more the face of a living, breathing person than the other kind showed.—Baltimore News.

### A Horrible Example.

"And you are close with me, Mamie!"

"Certainly not. Just look at pa and ma! They eloped."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## DO GHOSTS EXIST?

Rev. Dr. Minge J. Savage is Certain That They Do.

"The history of the world is full of reported apparitions or ghosts," says Dr. Minge J. Savage in *Ainslie's*. "Do such things as ghosts exist? I am perfectly certain that they do. This does not mean that I feel that I am ready to explain their origin or nature. I simply recognize the fact. Whether they are purely subjective or whether they represent some objective reality—this is a question to be settled in each particular case. I have many instances in my notes, but they must be omitted for the present.

"There is one case, however, which is of a very extraordinary kind. It occurred about a couple of years ago here in the immediate vicinity of New York. There was a certain young man who had been studying abroad. He had been at Heidelberg university. He was of anything but an imaginative temperament. Tall and stalwart in build, he had a reputation as an athlete. His favorite studies were mathematical, physical and electrical. He had returned home from abroad and so far as anybody knew was in perfect health. He was at the summer home of his mother. It was his habit after dinner to go out on the piazza and walk up and down while smoking his pipe. One evening he came quietly in and without talking with anybody went up to bed. The next morning he went into his mother's room before she was up and laid his hand on her cheek in order to awaken her quietly. Then he said: 'Mother, I have something very sad to tell you. You must brace yourself and be strong to bear it.' Of course she was startled and asked him what he was talking about. He said: 'Mother, I mean just what I am saying. I am going to die, and very soon.'

"When his mother, startled and troubled, pressed him for an explanation, he said: 'Last night when I was walking up and down the piazza smoking a pipe, a spirit appeared and walked up and down by my side. I have received my call and am going to die.' The mother of course was seriously troubled and wondered whether anything might be the matter with him. She therefore sent for the doctor and told him the story. The doctor made a careful examination, said there was nothing the matter, treated the whole thing as a bad dream or an hallucination, told them to pay no attention to it and said that within a few days they would be laughing at themselves for letting such a thing worry them. The next morning the young man did not seem quite as well as usual, and the doctor was sent for a second time. Again he said there was nothing the matter and tried to hush them out of their fears.

"The third morning the young man appeared in still poorer condition, and the third time the physician was summoned. He now discovered a case of appendicitis. The young man was operated on and died in a couple of days. From the time of the vision until his death not more than five days had gone by. Some time after this experience the mother visited a psychic here in New York. She made no previous appointment, but met a perfect stranger and waited a short time. The man claimed at once to represent and told his mother a whole series of very remarkable things which no possibility could the psychic ever have known. Then in answer to the question, 'Who was it that you saw that night?' (the question being, purposely so framed as not to seem to refer to anybody out of the body), he at once replied, 'It was my father.' The father had been dead for some years, and the mother had been married again."

**The Countess Tolstol.**  
The Countess Tolstol in her way, says Maunly About People, is almost as wonderful as her famous husband. Her individuality and her theories are as marked and distinct as his. Nor does she always agree with him in his views. In fact, she most strenuously opposed his tirade against the copyright system. Neither is she a blind admirer of the count's style and stories, but often freely and somewhat warmly attacks both, the result being a rather heated argument. The countess is a woman of broad training and ripe education. Strong in her character and great in her ability, she is the type of woman who would best understand a man-of-her husband's kind, one who would be able to follow the best in his and both their lives.

**Andrey de Vere's Humor.**  
Mr. Dore says that, "like Wordsworth, Andrey de Vere had neither wit nor humor." These qualities hardly appeared in Mr. de Vere's writings, but I should say that the rare charm of his society was in no small measure derived from them, as well as from his memories and his fancy, his kindness and delight in giving pleasure. Satiric wit and even irony were unbecoming to him, but his sayings were often memorable for felicity and humor. I recollect a happy description of a certain type—"Some people take downrightness for uprightness." And stories of Irish humor could hardly be better told than they were by him.—London Spectator.

**Dr. Parker.**  
"Dr. Parker," says the London correspondent of The Congregationalist, "who is now in his seventy-second year, continues to preach three times a week to large congregations at the City Temple, but he declines all outside work, chiefly because he has been suffering from heart trouble. The symptoms at present are not serious, but he has received a warning that he cannot ignore. He has lost little of his freshness and nerve and even daring. He will be 'game' to the end. May it be long delayed."

**B. G. SULLIVAN, Mtr.,**  
Manchester, N. H.

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### CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;  
Vice Pres., James Lyons;  
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.  
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.  
Meets at A. O. H. hall, fourth Sunday of each month.

### FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;  
Sec., E. W. Clark.  
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

### TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall;  
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Holt;  
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;  
Sec. Treas., Arthur C. Brewster;  
Sergt-at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.  
Meets in Peirce hall, second Saturday of each month.

### PAINTERS.

Pres., Charles L. Hoyt;  
Sec., Edward H. Marden.  
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

### COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;  
Sec., John Molloy.  
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

### MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres., John Harrington;  
Sec., William Duan.  
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

### HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., E. P. Gidney;  
Sec., M. J. Miller.  
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

### GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;  
Sec., Walter Staples.  
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;  
Sec., James H. Brooks.  
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;  
Sec., Frank Ham.  
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

### GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;  
Sec., James McNaughton.  
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

### CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Bennett;  
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.  
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

### LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., John Conigh;  
Sec., Michael Lyeon.  
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

### BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;  
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

### BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;  
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;  
Fib. Sec., John Connell.  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

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## PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

### WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

### A Guide for Visitors and Members.

### OX CAYEN, No. 4, K. O. B.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Robert M. Herrick, P. C.; Allison L. Phinney, N. C.; Charles R. S.; Frank S. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Charles W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcolm D. Stuart, Ex.; William C. Berry, I. P.; William Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

### PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, No. 3, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each month.

Officers—William P. Gardner, C.; Charles B. Allen, V. C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank S. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Charles W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcolm D. Stuart, Ex.; William C. Berry, I. P.; William Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

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now, and we have the finest stock of Land-ome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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BOTTLES OF ALL KINDS OF

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Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Redhead Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

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A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

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Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

**NO. 118 MARKET ST.**

## THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC, APRIL 21.

SUN RISES.....4:55 MOON SETS.....04:14 P. M.  
SUN SETS.....07:30 MOON RISES.....10:30 P. M.  
LENGTH OF DAY.....13:35 FULL SEA.....10:45 P. M.

Full Moon, April 22d, 10.50m. evening, E.  
Last Quarter, April 30th, 5h. 52m. evening, E.  
New Moon, May 7th, 5h. 45m. evening, W.  
First Quarter, May 14th, 5h. 40m. morning, E.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, April 20.—Forecast for New England: Fair Monday, with rising temperature; Tuesday, increasing cloudiness, probably showers; fresh south winds, increasing.

### MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1902.

### TO-NIGHT.

Zephira, with over 200 people, Music hall.

Meeting of Court Rockingham, F. of A., with smoke talk.

### CITY BRIEFS.

See the Brownies at Music hall tonight.

The fountain has not yet been really rushed.

There will be a full moon on Tuesday evening.

Planting in the country appears to be well under way.

York people get a better car service beginning this week.

Strawberries will soon be abundant in the local markets.

It continues more than normally quiet in police circles.

Zephira will make the hit of the season at Music hall tonight.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Ivy Temple will hold a whist party and supper on Friday evening next.

Three of the boxes at the theatre were occupied on Saturday evening.

Rear Admiral G. J. Read, U. S. N., gave a theatre box party on Saturday evening.

Many Portsmouth lawyers went to Exeter this morning to attend the superior court.

Building continues very brisk in the city. All the contractors appear to have all they can do.

Catchers Wilbur of the Greenland base ball team played a great game Saturday at Concord.

The wind still hangs in an easterly direction and the temperature continues cold as a result.

Zephira with all its wealth of scenery and a cast of two hundred will be given at Music hall tonight.

The Pogg family and descendants will hold their first reunion at Hampton beach, Sept. 2 of this year.

About the most absurd collection of news is that served up under foreign dates in the Sunday newspapers.

The Ladies' Social circle of the Universalist church will hold a meeting this Monday afternoon in the vestry.

Herbert B. Fernald of this city has been re-appointed ship keeper and ordered to duty at the Portsmouth navy yard.

There were more Mayflower parties on Sunday and some very satisfactory bunches were secured by skilled searchers.

Portsmouth should crowd Music hall tonight.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," does not mean that he shall pay all kinds of money for a thin slice of tongue meat.

Cars ran through to York Beach every five hours, from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and after that every two hours until ten o'clock.

The members of Fannie A. Gardiner Rebekah lodge are preparing for their anniversary celebration, to take place on the evening of Monday, May 4.

The curtain will be rung up on Zephira promptly at eight o'clock.

There was no preaching service at the Methodist church in Kittery owing to the absence of the pastor; at the Methodist conference in Berwick, Me.

Rev. Fr. Daniel O'Neill of Dover and the Rev. Fr. Herbert Hannon of this city will open a week's mission at St. Joseph's church, Laconia, today Monday.

Rails have been laid on the new Portsmouth-Exeter railway bridge beyond the Plains. This said that both overhead bridges will have to be widened and new granite abutments laid before the cars run.

Today or tomorrow is the time for the coming to the surface of the water of the body of Edgar E. Tobey of Kittery Point, who was drowned in the harbor a week ago last Saturday. A search for the body will be made by his friends.

Daniel Norton of Exeter came here on Sunday and succeeded in finding somebody who either gave or sold him liquor in such quantities as to make him badly intoxicated. The police arrested him and he will be given a chance to tell the court whence his drink came.

### ITALIANS ARRIVE.

A party of forty Italians have arrived for work on the new paper mill and are domiciled in the Keefe home on upper Market street. They started work on Sunday. On Saturday a gang of men and teams went to work loading from the cars at the depot the wheel barrows and tools to be used in the preliminary work and carting it to Freeman's Point.

## BUILT AT THIS PORT.

### Reminiscences of The U. S. Sloop Of War Kearsarge.

#### Her Officers And Crew Lined Up At A Reception In Boston.

\$200,000 Realized at a National Sailors' Fair For Home For Disabled Sailors.

I. P. Miller in his Sunday correspondence to the Boston Globe has the following interesting reminiscences of the old sloop of war Kearsarge, built at this port.

It was June 19, 1864, that the guns of the Kearsarge sent the Alabama to the same place that the latter had sent so many unnamed American merchant ships—the bottom of the ocean. Naturally the exultation in the seaports of the north over the destruction of the vessel that had done so much to drive the American merchant flag from the ocean was very great, and a large sum—said to have been \$100,000—was raised to be divided among the victorious crew.

The Kearsarge arrived in Boston early in November, 1864, a little more than four months after the battle, and her crew were lionized. Mayor Lincoln, on behalf of the city, tendered the officers and crew a banquet in Faneuil hall, at which many distinguished men were present, and the crew paraded the streets in a sort of triumphal procession, being greeted everywhere by cheering crowds, flags and banners.

At this time there was being held at the theatre a "national sailors' fair" conducted on the same lines as our great sanitary fairs, by means of which such vast sums were raised in aid of the union cause during the civil war; this sailors' fair being designed to raise funds for establishing a home for disabled, infirm and needy seamen and marines of the American naval service, something after the plan of the present national soldiers' homes, but wholly under private control.

One of these articles contributed to the fair was a model of the Kearsarge made at the Portsmouth navy yard, where the original Kearsarge was built. It was an exact copy of the Kearsarge as she was at the time she sailed from the yard on her last cruise—guns, rigging and sails, and 180 miniature figures, representing officers, seamen and marines, composed her crew—a considerable more numerous crew than the big Kearsarge had on board at the time of the battle. This model was disposed of by ticket and brought \$600.

Another article was a "national sailors' fair" that was picked up by the Kearsarge after the Alabama had gone to the bottom. It had painted on each quarter the word "Rockingham," and was taken by the Alabama from the ship of the same name, a Portsmouth-built and Portsmouth-owned vessel, and the last vessel to be captured and destroyed by the confederate cruiser. When the Alabama was going down this boat was used by some of the officers and men to carry them to the British yacht Deerhound and then set afloat.

The fair was a success. About \$200,000 was realized, and the naval seamen's retreat was duly established. But the fund raised for the Kearsarge crew was not distributed, except in part; the commissioned and warrant officers were all paid their respective shares of it, but not a dollar of it was ever handled or seen by any enlisted man—landsmen, fireman, seaman or marine—of the Kearsarge's crew.

Those persons having charge of the fund decided that instead of giving to each enlisted man his share, it would be better to give the whole sum to the new home, so that it any of them ever came to want they could have a home there, and this was done. After a time the seamen's retreat busted up, or was absorbed by some other institution.

No member of the Kearsarge's crew was ever a resident, even for an hour, of the retreat, so far as is known, and with a single exception, it is not known that any enlisted man of the Kearsarge's crew ever profited to the extent of a dollar from the \$100,000 fund.

And that was all the good that \$100,000 subscription ever did to the enlisted men of the Kearsarge, who fought the battle and won the victory that rid American maritime commerce of the most destructive enemy it ever had.

The exception was in the case of a seaman named Smith, who, shattered in body and mind, was for a time an inmate of the Portsmouth almshouse and died there. The late Hon. Marcus Bufford, then city clerk of Portsmouth, knowing of the disposition of the Kearsarge fund, wrote to the officials of the home in Boston on Smith's behalf, and after a long time and the writing of many letters did manage to get \$100 for him, part of which kept the poor old fellow in tobacco and supplied him with other trifles during the brief remainder of his life, and part of which was used to pay his funeral expenses.

### ASLEEP ON THE TRACK.

Charles Thurston of Exeter Struck By an Electric on New Vaughan Street.

Charles Thurston, aged forty-one years, of Exeter, was struck by an electric car on New Vaughan street Saturday evening, and sustained a severe injury. Thurston, it is said, had been drinking, and had with him a jug containing two gallons of rum. He said he was on his way home when he became tired and lay down to sleep by the track. As the 10:30 o'clock car from Christian shore rounded the curve into New Vaughan street, the fender struck Thurston and rolled him over, throwing him to one side. He was taken, in the car, to the police station, where he appeared to

### JOSEPHUS, THE GREAT.

Once All Powerful, Now the Idol of But a Few.

Once upon a time there was a man known as "Josephus, the Great."

Now Josephus was a great power in the village in which he dwelt and was the owner of many acres and the tenants and occupants thereon. He was not in the largest man in the village but when it came to a show down Josephus made the head man of the burg look like thirty cents.

One of his great hobbies was his stable of thoroughbreds and many a blooded equine of Josephus occupied the public stables and ate of the common people's oats. A retinue of slaves kept the animals looking sleek and fat and the prestige that his thoroughbreds brought him when on the circuit was great. He had one handy man, "Roberto," fashion for him out of the common people's lumber of the costliest kind, a huge chest which was fitted with shiny brass hinges and fittings into which was carefully packed the racing blankets, boots and other paraphernalia of the hippodrome. This was removed to his most secluded stable, known as the barn of mystery, from which an article once known to enter was never seen more.

The contents of this place of mystery was as varied as that of the store of the three ball men and it was seldom that the eyes of mortal man were allowed to profane this most sacred of store rooms. Huge padlocks adorned the portals and these locks none but the most trusty held the entering talisman.

There came a day when Josephus, the Great, was at war and suffered ignominious defeat at the hands of Frank, the lion heart. He was driven from the citadel of the common people where his reign had been supreme and forced to take refuge in the stables of his late subjects. From here he capitulated to the barn of mystery where he threw up temporary earthworks and repulsed attack after attack of Frank, the lion heart. Those of his late followers who were captured in the surrender of the stables of the common people went over to the side of Frank and disclosed many of the secrets and hiding places of their late ruler.

Armed with this information Frank, the lion heart, went before the great tribunal and enlisted the sympathies of seven out of ten of the head chiefs and a great pow wow was called for to lay plans for the crushing of "Josephus."

### BIG MASS MEETING.

Members Of The Local Labor Unions Throng Philbrick Hall To Listen To Stirring Speeches.

Fully six hundred members of many local labor unions, besides many others not identified with organized labor but interested in the condition of the workingman, assembled in Philbrick hall at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

It was the first of a series of labor mass meetings arranged by the Central Labor union and the interest aroused by it augurs well for very large attendance upon those to come.

The leading addresses were by Edward Ryan and Frank K. Foster, both of Boston. Mr. Ryan is secretary of United Metal Workers' union, No. 26, while Mr. Foster is chairman of the labor committee of the Massachusetts legislature.

Both were well primed with just the ideas to hold the attention of their hearers and presented them in a forcible manner that suited. They were introduced by District Organizer John Mallon of the American Federation of Labor, who presided over the meeting. It was an enthusiastic audience.

### SETTLEMENT MADE.

Mary Driscoll Given the Sum of \$1925 Damages.

The suit of Mary Driscoll vs. the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway, for alleged negligence, has been stricken from the docket in a settlement made. Judgment has been given the plaintiff in the sum of \$1925.

### POLICE COURT.

Judge Adams presided in police court this Monday morning and meted out justice to four offenders.

Albert Han for drunkenness was given a ninety days sentence at Brentwood.

Daniel Norton, being drunk on Sunday and refusing to tell where he obtained his liquor was fined \$10 and costs which will undoubtedly be worked out at Brentwood.

Joseph Fortier pleaded guilty to being drunk on Sunday and stated that he obtained his liquor from John Barrett, No. 10 Green street. Fortier was held as a witness to appear against Barrett.

Thomas Fitzgerald, who relieved Willie Adams of his roll at the Dumphy residence on Sunday afternoon was held in \$500 bail for his appearance at the next term of court, he being arraigned on the charge of larceny from the person.

### BEAUTIFUL ZEPHRA.

At eight o'clock sharp tonight the curtain at Music hall will be rung up and two hundred of our popular and talented young people will make their initial bow in Zephira before a Portsmouth audience, and we predict for them a successful and deservedly won. Mr. Booth assures us that the production tonight will be just as perfect and finished as any of the following performances, and there are plenty of good seats left for this evening's performance. Today commences the prodigious task of hanging a car load of special scenes used in Zephira, and the scenic and light effects alone promise to be worth the price of admission. Secure your seats now and avoid the rush at the box office.

### PERSONALS.

Rev. Herbert Hannon was in Dover on Saturday.

Leander Akley of St. John's, N. B., is visiting friends in town.

I. C. Hanscom of the navy yard is passing the day in Boston.

J. B. Cunningham of Boston was a visitor in town today, Monday.

Howe Call has returned from a trip to New York and Washington.

Thomas E. Call passed Sunday at his summer cottage in Wolfboro.

Manager W. K. Hill of the Rockingham was a visitor in Boston today.

Charles H. Bonin of Boston passed Patriots' day with relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Grant of Salem, Mass., passed Sunday in this city.

John Wetherell, electrician at the Boston Museum, passed Sunday in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Paul of Lynn are passing a few days in Kittery.

Thomas Gammon of Boston passed the Friday in this city the guest of his sisters.

Corporal Colson, U. S. M. C., is passing a leave of absence at his home in this city.

Frank W. Ferguson of Boston passed the holiday in town with his little son, Donald.

William Ham of the Boston Custom house is passing a few days with relatives in this city.

Mrs. John W. Shannon and daughter, Miss Ethel, are passing today, Monday, in Boston.

"Harry, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Freeman of Columbia street, is ill with the measles.

William N. Noyes returned to Boston today Monday, to resume his studies at Tufts college.

Everett N. McNabb passed Sunday in Haverhill, Mass., covering most of the distance on his bike.

Lewis E. Fogg of Columbia street attended the Methodist conference in Haverhill, Mass., on Sunday.

Little Charlie Lane, who has been very ill at his home on Russell street, is reported somewhat improved.

Charles E. Locke of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology passed Patriots' day at his home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watkins of Manning street went to Haverhill on Saturday to attend the Methodist conference.

Charles E. Akerman, ticket agent at the Northern Union station, Boston, passed Sunday in this city, the guest of friends.

Charles H. Abbott of the Boston post office force passed Sunday in this city, the guest of his father, Charles P. Abbott, Union street.

Mrs. Eliza B. Leighton, widow of Samuel Leighton, died at her home on Daniel street on Friday. She was a daughter of the late Charles Ricker.

Mrs. Emma Goodwin and Mrs. A. M. Knudsen were in town on Saturday en route to Hampton beach, where they will open up their summer boarding house.

John Edwards, a young navy yard workman, who is very sick at the home of his sister, Mrs. U. G. Sweet in Kittery, is said to be slowly falling from day to day, with consumption.

The family of Jacob Wendell, Jr., of New York, who spend the summer in this city and who occupied the handsome cottage at Willow Bank, Kittery Point, last summer, will not come to this city, but will pass the summer in Europe.

### WILLIE DIVORCED FROM HIS ROLL.

Came Here From Exeter And Entertained On Deer Street.

Willie Adams, nineteen years old, a native of Ogunquit, Me., but for the past two weeks in the employ of D. Sanborn of Exeter in the capacity of general factotum, came to town on the electric on Sunday with six hard earned dollars stored away in the pockets of his jeans. On the cars he scraped acquaintance with one "Rivets" Morton, who took Willie under his protecting wing and promised him a good time. He got it.

Willie was introduced to society at Mrs. Dumphy's parlors on Deer street. He made a hit with the guests and was invited to the boudoir of one where a mixed ale party was in progress. Here his chaperon left him to the tender mercies of five sharks who have been employed on the new electric light plant.

Willie incidentally mentioned the fact that he had money and that enhanced his popularity at once. He was showered with attentions. They told him that Portsmouth was a big, wicked city and that his money was safer with them than in his possession. The eyes of the Ogunquit boy bulged at the stories told him and he made but little kick when his entertainers threw him across the bed and abstracted his roll. They then invited him down to the dining hall where lunch was on.

Willie showed his napkin down his neck and partook of the good things. When the landlady came around to collect the price, he referred her to the man who promised to pay the bill. The price not being forthcoming Willie was ushered to the door and told to "git."

On the cold pavements Willie had chance to reflect. He was broke and Ogunquit was many miles away. Officers Shannon happening along the lad poured his tale of woe into the officer's sympathetic ear. A call was made at the boarding house, but the birds had flown and Willie accompanied the officer back to the station house where he brought forth a pipe and had a consoling smoke. "If it want for that toll bridge," said Willie, between the puffs, "I would start for home tonight."

Officers Butler and Burns later in the evening arrested Thomas Fitzgerald and Freeman Pero. At the police station Adams identified Fitzgerald as the man who took his money and Pero as having been in the room at the time. They will be arraigned in police court.

### WENT TO BANGOR.

The Florodora company left on the eleven o'clock train on Sunday for Bangor, where they play this evening. It cost the management \$412 for the special train which brought the company and baggage to this city from North Adams, Mass.

## THE



### Underwood Typewriter

EVERY LETTER IN STAY.

Principle New  
Writing Visible  
Speed Increased  
Touch Elastic  
Automatic Conventions

Operation Unchanged  
Tabulating Facility  
Billing Speed  
Strength Maintained  
Actual Advantages

Examine the

## UNDERWOOD

At the Herald Office

### LOW PRICES.



Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

### FLORODORA PLEASES.

Florodora, double sextette and all, made a merry and melodious place of Music hall on Saturday evening and pleased a large audience. The chorus singing was exceptionally good, while the solo work of Sydney Deane, Miss Isadore Rush and Miss Maude Lambert roused enthusiastic applause. All got repeated recalls—Mr. Deane with "Under the Shade of the Palms," Miss Rush with the topical song "Tact," and Miss Lambert with "Queen of the Philippine Islands." Of course the double sextette made a hit with "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," now famous. The audience insisted upon hearing it over, or a goodly part of it, no fewer than a half dozen times. The comedy achievements of James Heman put him in high favor with the house from the first. R. Peyton Carter was very clean-cut and agreeable in speech and stage business as proprietor of the island of Florodora, while the women in the seats all agreed that Donald Brine is one of the handsomest young men in the profession. The costumes, frequently changed, were elaborate.

### DISCLOSED ON JACK BARRETT.

Joseph Fortier, the Frenchman who was arraigned before Judge Adams for being drunk on Sunday disclosed on Jack Barrett who runs a boarding house at No. 10 Green street, formerly known as the "Toboggan Slide." Barrett has no United States license as dealer in either malt or spirituous liquor and if the case is proven against him in police court he will probably be pushed by the United States authorities.

### BIG BROOK TROUT LANDED.

A brook trout was sent from Exeter Saturday for mounting to a Hyde Park taxidermist by Mail Carrier Albert W. Scott. Mr. Scott caught the trout in a Stratham brook with a five-ounce rod after a long struggle. In length it slightly exceeded fifteen inches and weighed twenty-one ounces. It is the largest trout taken in this vicinity in many years.

### LADIES' NIGHT.

For the ladies' night of the Athletic club, to be held on Monday evening, April 28, the following program has been arranged:

Reception from 8 to 8:15;  
Whist, 8:15 to 9:30;  
Refreshments served at 9:30;  
Dancing from 9:30 to 12:30.

## "Only A Cold"

has cost many a life. It is criminal to neglect a cold.

### HILL'S Cascara Bromide Quinine

Cures a Cold in 24 Hours!

It is quick, safe, pure. Sold by all druggists. 35 tablets, 25 cts. per box.

The W. H. HILL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

## HAUGH

LADIES AND GENTS TAILOR

20 High Street.

### Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it reupholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

## R. H. HALL

Hanover Street. Near Market.

### BUY NOW!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of new and second hand Harnesses, Single and Double, heavy and light, and I will sell them at very low prices.

Just drop around and look at them even if you do not want to buy

## THOMAS McCUE.

Stone Stable - Fleet Street.

## COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

### Coal and Wood

Office Cor. State and Water Streets.

## RUBBER HORSE SHOES.

LEATHER HOOF PADS.

Snow Flake and Crown Axle Grease.

MILLER'S HARNESS DRESSING.

## Rider & Cotton

65 MARKET STREET.

This signature is on every box of the genuine  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

### ASLEEP ON THE TRACK.

Charles Thurston of Exeter Struck By an Electric on New Vaughan Street.

Charles Thurston, aged forty-one years, of Exeter, was struck by an electric car on New Vaughan street Saturday evening, and sustained a severe injury. Thurston, it is said, had been drinking, and had with him a jug containing two gallons of rum. He said he was on his way home when he became tired and lay down to sleep by the track. As the 10:30 o'clock car from Christian shore rounded the curve into New Vaughan street, the fender struck Thurston and rolled him over, throwing him to one side. He was taken, in the car, to the police station, where he appeared to

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